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There it stands on desk or on table, a shiny black tube with a gaping mouth, as ordinary a feature of your daily environment as the inkpot or the door-handle, and taken just as much for granted.

You lift the receiver to "ring up" somebody. And lo, like the hero of some Arabian Nights' story you have released a power that is constrained to obey your command. The "Genie of the Ring" is at your instant service to annihilate distance for you, making far things near, and in a moment you are talking to Messrs. Jones about their incomprehensible letter of yesterday's date; or instructing Messrs. Brown to sell those Oil shares; or telling Margaret that you have two stalls for the theatre this evening. And the voice they hear is your voice, just your natural voice carried a thousand yards, or maybe a thousand miles—by some magic.

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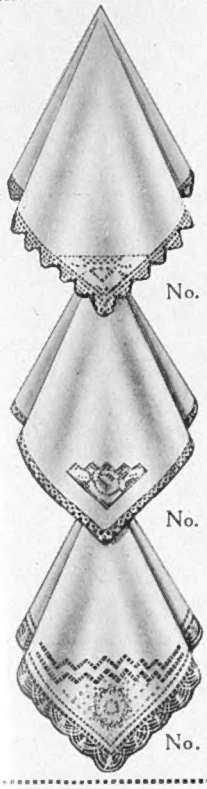

Coming just at the moment when the question of gift-choosing is one of paramount importance, this offer of Real Lace Handkerchiefs is one of more than ordinary attractiveness. Order by post, or better still, come and inspect these Handkerchiefs which are displayed in our Real Lace Department, Ground Floor.

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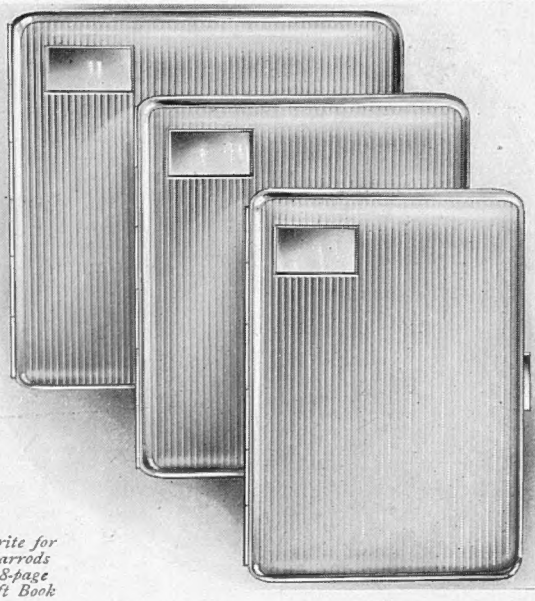

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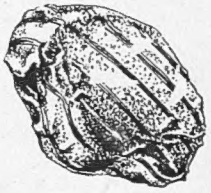

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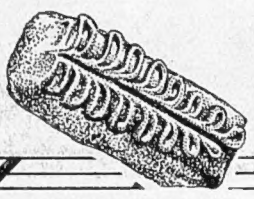

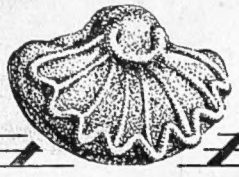

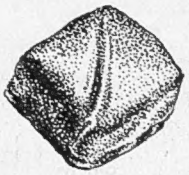

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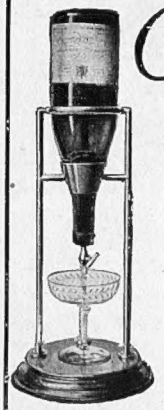

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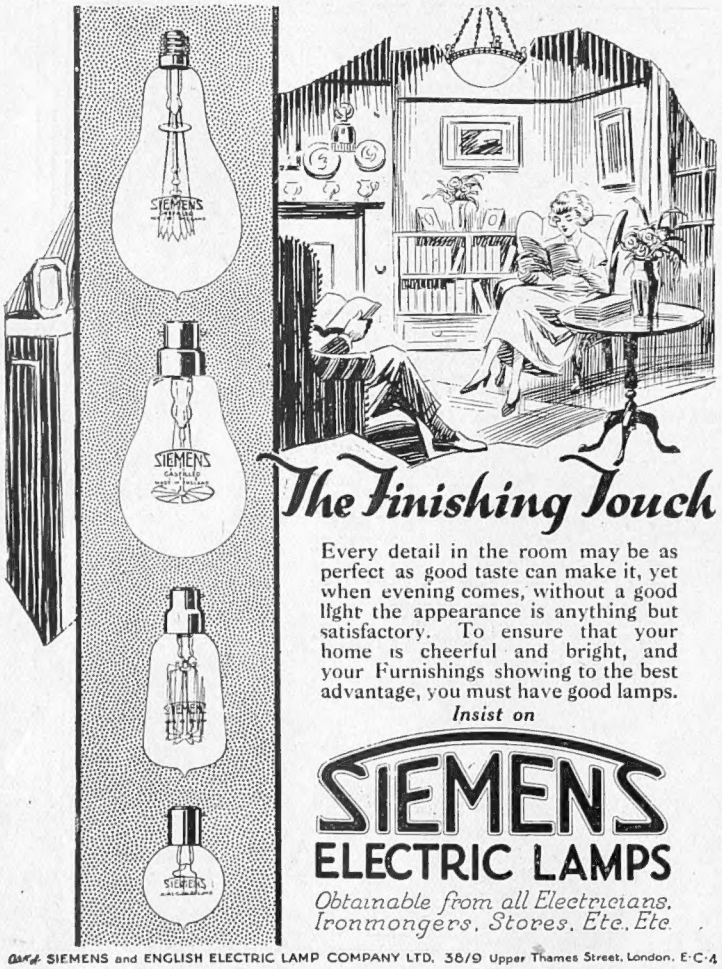

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Every detail in the room may be as perfect as good taste can make it, yet when evening comes, without a good light the appearance is anything but satisfactory. To ensure that your home is cheerful and bright, and your Furnishings showing to the best advantage, you must have good lamps.

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X50. *A distinctive "Cosway" shoe in the Oxford style with neat invisible eyelets and bevelled edge sole. In Patent Calf, Tan Willow Calf, Black Glace Kid and Black Box Calf. Stocked in A, B, C & D fittings.* **35/-**

1440. *A strong comfortable walking shoe of the finest Tan Willow Calf.* **47/6**

A similar shoe in super-fine Box Calf - **57/6**

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Exquisite Vanity Case, with dainty diamanté and encrusted pattern. Made in black and red, black/jade, black/royal, with tassel and silk cord handle to match. It contains powder puff, diminishing mirror, and lip salve (in tassel), and gives ample room for handkerchief.

PRICE **10/6** EACH
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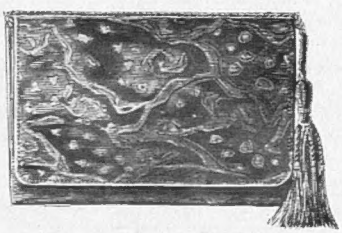
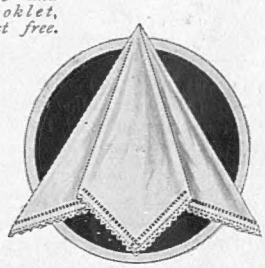
Bring the kiddies to the Tableaux-Pantomime "Aladdin" at Goochs. Frequent performances throughout the day up to Dec. 24th. Tickets 1/- each, and all proceeds will be given to St. George's Hospital, S.W.

Write for our Christmas Gifts Catalogue and Toy Booklet, both post free.



Handsome under-arm Moiré Pochette, lined silk broché, and fitted mirror, puff, case, and purse. In black and brown. Size 9 x 7 ins.

PRICE **25/-**



Fine Linen Handkerchiefs, hand hemstitched and trimmed Armenian hand-made lace edging. Size about 11 x 11 ins.

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7½ ins. high - - **3/6**
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Attractive Chubby Umbrella with coloured bird handle on coloured silk. Also in all black, or black and white parrot on black silk.

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Commencing Thurs., Dec. 18th, and Daily at 2,
Gladys Cooper as PETER PAN, by J. M. Barrie

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A Musical Comedy.
Evenings at 8.15. Matinées, Wednesday and Saturday at 2.15.

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In making Paton's "33" Lace, several hundred strands and over a quarter mile of the highest grade thread are used. The tags are also noteworthy. Fitted by a patent process they cannot come off. The dyes used are the finest made, and in every detail this lace is as perfect as a lace can be.

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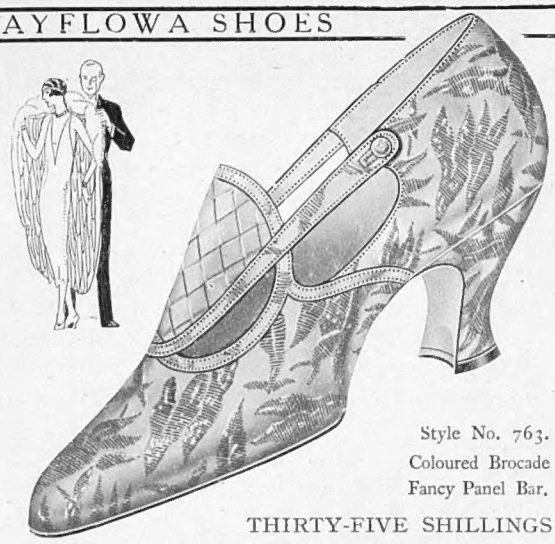
In case you have difficulty in obtaining write direct to the Mills enclosing 4d., 8d., or 1/- for one, two or three pairs as desired. State colour required and whether for boots or shoes.

PATON'S "33" LACES
See the band —on every pair
WILLIAM PATON LIMITED,
Johnstone Mills, Johnstone, Scotland.

MAYFLOWA SHOES



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SINGLE SHOE SENT ON APPROVAL IF DESIRED.
We invite you to send for a copy of the Dance and Evening Shoe Brochure.

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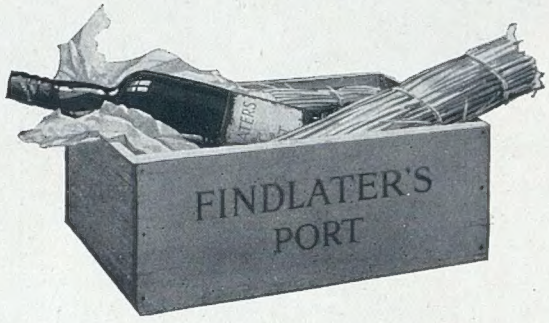

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The Bystander, December 17, 1924 No. 1098. Vol. LXXXIV.

The BYSTANDER

Vaughan and Freeman

THE COUNTESS OF CARNWATH

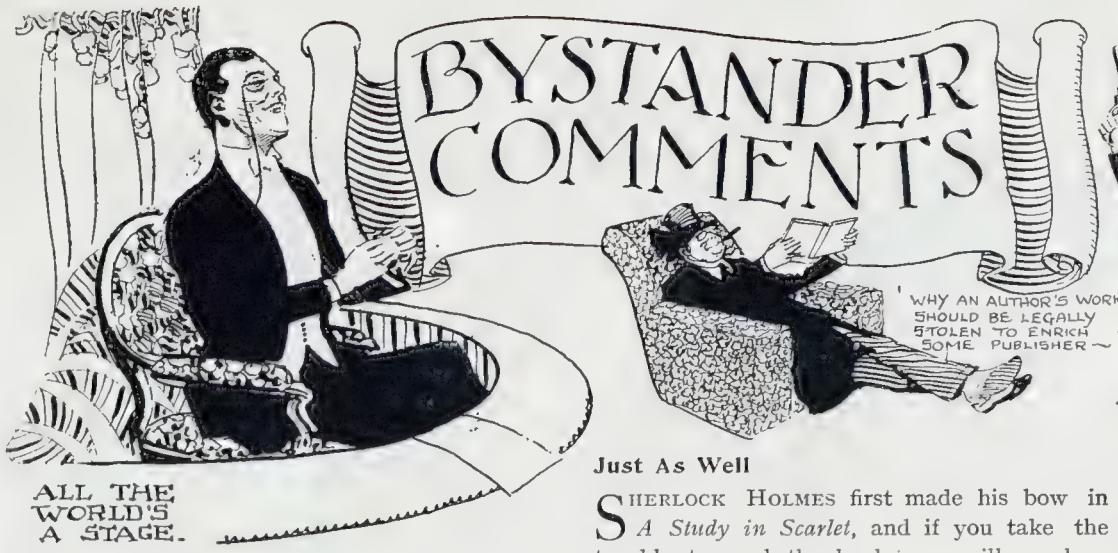
Who is well known as a worker for charity. Lady Carnwath was on the committee of the successful St. Andrew's Eve Ball held at Claridge's last month, and she also helped at the bazaar in aid of the Waifs and Strays

Dewar's

The Macnab.

by Sir Henry Raeburn, R.A.

The original Picture the property of John Dewar & Sons, Ltd.



ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE.

An Odd Thing

THE passing out of copyright of a book or a play is always a tragic occurrence in the eyes of those fair-minded folk who believe that a labourer is worthy of his hire. Why an author's work should be legally stolen to enrich some publisher who may have refused his work in his lifetime is an odd thing, but there it is—and there you are!

He Liked It Neat

I AM prompted to discourse on this matter because of a threat held out over the devoted head of Professor A. E. Housman, author of *The Shropshire Lad*. A number of drawings, to accompany the text of this little classic, were done by the late Lovat Fraser, but the author turned them down, saying that he "preferred his poetry neat." Now, if you please, we are told that as soon as *The Shropshire Lad* passes out of copyright, the drawings will be incorporated with the text, thus violating the wishes of the one person whose views call for respect.

A Delicate Liaison

ALTHOUGH admitting a debt of gratitude to the artist who so ably illustrates these notes, I am bound to admit that the wedding of words and pictures does occasionally result in discord. The reader of a book of poems may easily have his attention diverted to the detriment of the very delicate text. Contrariwise, the illustrations of "Sherlock Holmes" and "Captain Kettle" certainly helped to make the fortunes of their respective authors.

The Great Detective

I DON'T wish to labour this point unduly, but Sir Arthur Conan Doyle has admitted that when he first saw the artist's conception of his great detective, he received a shock, for he had a very different type of person in mind when he wrote the stories. I don't suppose the difference of opinion still rankles, for the doctor is a fair-minded man and would be the first to admit how much he owes to his collaborator.

Just As Well

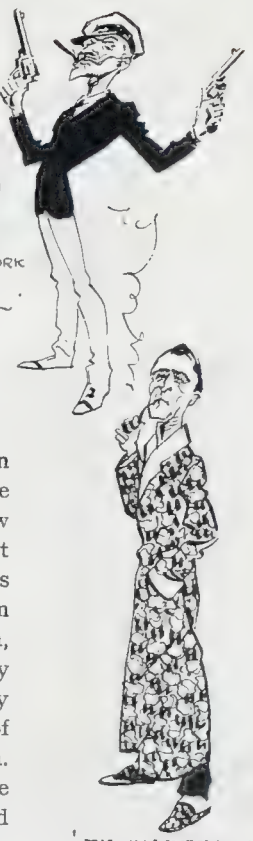
SHERLOCK HOLMES first made his bow in *A Study in Scarlet*, and if you take the trouble to read the book you will see how he developed as the years rolled on. The first illustrator was Sidney Paget, who took as his model his brother, Wal Paget, also an artist, a thin and ascetic-looking person, and the direct antithesis to the hideously ugly individual that Conan Doyle originally launched upon an unparalleled career of crime detection and nicotine consumption. Who would have played the part on the stage if the stories had not been illustrated we can only guess—certainly not William Gillette nor Eille Norwood.

The Mysterious Mister O

THE Lord Chief Justice of England combines a sense of humour with a great weakness for the classics, as witness his rather startling reference to a certain mysterious "Mr. O." at the annual dinner of the Savage Club, over which he presided. The habit of dragging Ovid and Co. into post-prandial perorations is rather on the decline in these democratic days, when schoolboys are reared on carburettors and crystal sets, but it is refreshing, nevertheless, and one is glad that it has so notable a champion in the L.C.J.

Casting Pearls Before Diners

GEORGE GROSSMITH, who responded to the toast proposed by Lord Hewart, was just as witty if a trifle less classical. When will "Gee-Gee" sit down and write the sparkling comedy that he could give us an he would? He casts his pearls before diners in prodigal fashion, and there is material in half-a-dozen dinner speeches for at least half as many plays. I must get him in a corner and speak to him very seriously about it.



By Blam

A CHRISTMAS NOTE
Farmer Baldwin sees "red"!

All The World's A Stage

THE attempt to ban the name of "Mr. A" from the stage is not likely to meet with much success. If the modern revue fails to be topical it fails to perform its natural functions, and I don't think the authorities are likely to stem the current of popular taste. At the same time, one or two performers have stepped over the line of common decency, and I hope these offenders will be dealt with as they deserve.

A Brilliant Free-Lance

STRANGE how works of art have figured in the political excitements of the past few months. There is the portrait of Mr. Winston Churchill, which still hangs at the National Liberal Club, in spite of the fact that he is the bright particular star of a Conservative Cabinet; and there is the picture of Lady Astor, the first woman M.P., which no longer hangs on the grand staircase of the House. If the members of the N.L.C. are wise, they will not press for the removal of the Churchill portrait, but retain a permanent record of the period during which this brilliant free-lance was numbered among the doughty champions of their diminished ranks.

A Hint for the B.B.C.

BROADCASTING is going to win the battle-royal with the theatres, but if the B.B.C. are wise they will hasten to put the matter on an equitable basis. A theatrical manager in temporary difficulties may avail himself of the publicity they have to offer, but the license-holders will want to listen to the successes as well as the failures. Under the present arrangement, owners of crystal sets are in the same category as dead-heads who are admitted free to plays that no one will pay to see.

Captain Caractacus

HAVING broken down the outer defences of the theatrical citadel, the B.B.C. should send a modern knight—say Captain Caractacus—bearing a flag of truce and a fair offer. You remember the jolly song in an early revue, called "The Automatic Wedding":

A penny for the clergyman,
A penny for the lines,
A penny for the register which everybody signs.

Acting on the same principle there should be something for the authors, the composer, and the principal artistes when a play is broadcast, and I believe that if the B.B.C. make a prompt and generous gesture, they will carry their point.

A Theatrical Revival

I WOULD suggest that the managers agree on some definite plan, so that there may be no question of one of them stealing a march on another. Why not broadcast one act of every play upon its first night? This would keep theatrical items within bounds; on the morning following, each new production would be the main topic of conversation in all trains and places where they strap-hang, and a great theatrical revival would inevitably result.

Browbeating Justice

THERE is little doubt that the capital penalty will be ultimately abolished, but not by the means adopted by the good people of Hull. It is a painful subject, but in the interests of humanity it should be pointed out that the desired ends cannot be gained by the browbeating of Justice. Bolshevists made the same mistake when they endeavoured to hasten the Millennium by bullying and blackmailing the wretched *bourgeoisie*. These things are the result of evolution and the gradual awakening of the public conscience. Some future Icarus may reach the sun, but it won't be done by sticking artificial wings to his shoulders with wax. While the sun remains warm, the wax will always melt.

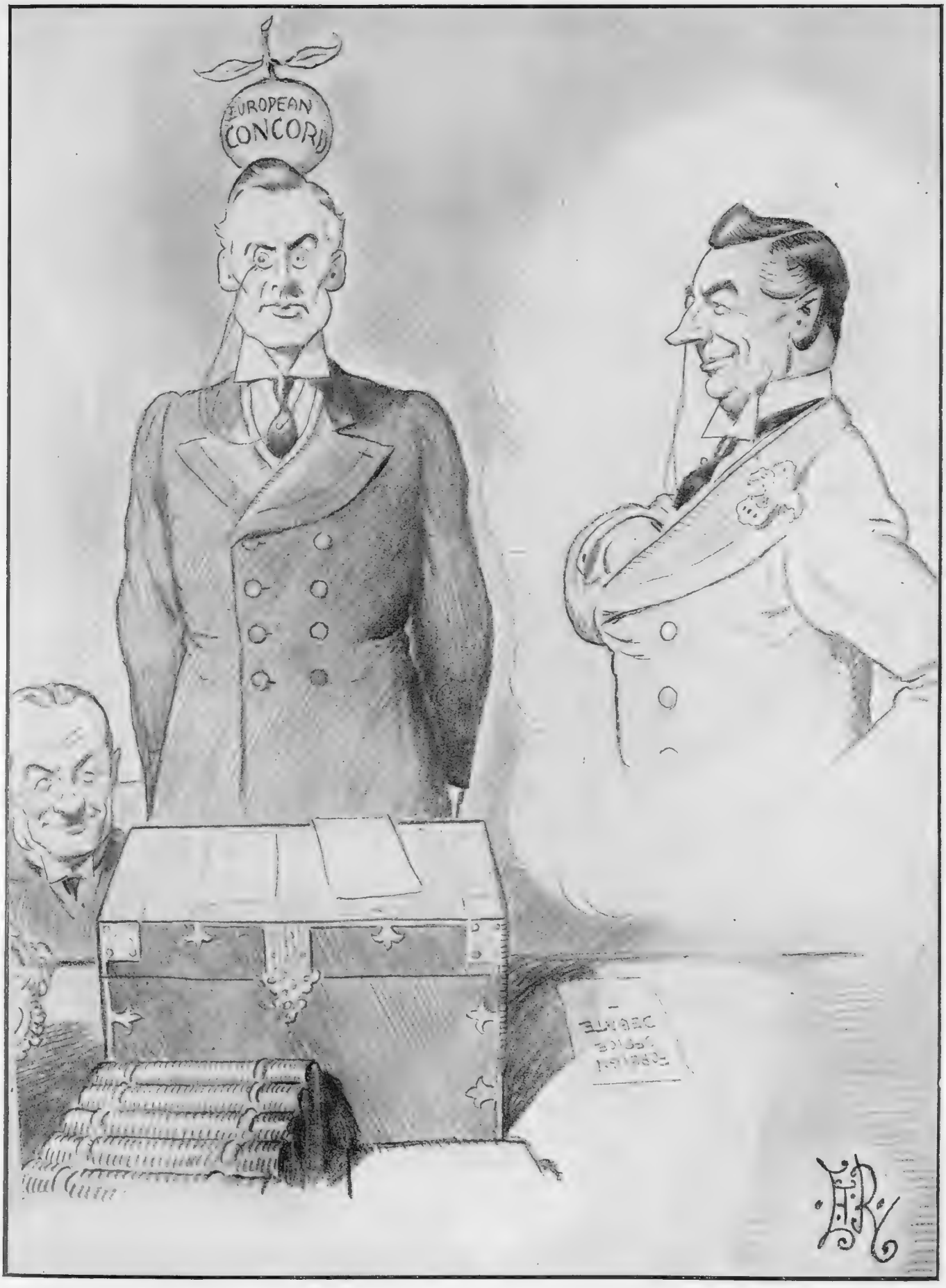
A Curious Coincidence

I DON'T like to say "I told you so," but if you have read these notes at all carefully, you will have observed several curious coincidences of late. I won't enumerate the things that have happened after they have been mentioned in this BYSTANDER, but I must remind you that the excellent suggestion to hold a big international test with the All Blacks in the sacred cause of charity was made to me by a prominent member of the Sports Club, and passed on to the authorities—with what result the daily papers have told us.

The Epic of Everest

SEVERAL points about the *première* of that wonderful epic of endurance, the Mount Everest film at the New Scala, were unique. Firstly, there was the manly speech of Prince Henry from his box at the theatre—surely the first time a Royal Prince has ever spoken to a British movie theatre audien Secondly, the film was notable for the first visit to these shores of those strange placid gentlemen from Tibet, the Lamas of the Palkor Choid monastery. And thirdly, so moved were we by this pictorial tale of endurance, that we hardly even grumbled about the fog that interfered with our breathing and with the projection of the films.

The Apple They Will Try to Crab



BY E. T. REED

SHADE OF HIS FATHER: "Splendid, Austin! Stand up to 'em! Only those who covet the position will aim low enough to hurt!"

A Few Eccentricities

BY HYNES

Some Impressions of a few Eccentric Personalities at the Eccentric Club thirty-fourth Anniversary Dinner at the Hotel Cecil last week. Lord Birkenhead, who was dubbed an Eccentric for life by Mr. Montague Bates (the Chairman of the Club), presided under the all-seeing eye of the Club "wise old owl"

G. P. U.

THE PREMIER GALLERY CLUB

A group of Ministers and their families, including Mr. Baldwin, Mrs. Baldwin (second from the Premier on his right), Lady Eleanor Smith (Lord Birkenhead's daughter), and, on the right, Sir William Joynson-Hicks, watching the State Procession at the Opening of Parliament from the Peers' Gallery

WHO, WHEN & WHERE

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

The King's Speech

EVERYBODY has been tremendously interested in the announcement made by the King in his Speech at the opening of Parliament of the visit to be paid next year by the Prince of Wales to Argentina. In fact, the announcement has been talked about much more than the expressions in the Speech as to the burden of taxation. The interest in this visit—the first ever paid by a member of our Royal Family to South America—in the outside world is an echo of what happened in the House of Lords. The news was so surprising, so unexpected, and had been so carefully kept, that it came as a bombshell. You heard people draw in their breath suddenly—literally a gasp of surprise came from that glittering assembly.

Aitken

A PROMINENT POLITICAL HOSTESS

Lady Londonderry and her daughter, Lady Helen Stewart, at the State Opening of Parliament

L. N. A.

NOT WITH THE COMMONS

Lord and Lady Terrington leaving the House of Lords

The Opening of Parliament

THERE is no country in the world where the opening of the national Parliament is attended by such pomp and circumstance as in England. I have been to the opening of the Italian and Belgian Parliaments, and never had a thrill. But each time one goes to the House of Lords for the Royal opening it is thrill after thrill. The first thrill is when the lights go up and the King and Queen come in, hand in hand, preceded and followed by all the great officers of State, carrying the symbols of sovereignty.

Last week, after all the Bolshevist ravings and threats, and all the surges of unrest we have gone through, I believe everybody in the House felt as I did, when I saw the jewels flashing in the King's crown—"there is the symbol of our monarchy, the bulwark of our national life."

The next thrill came when all the ladies—and there hasn't been such a gathering of peeresses for many Parliaments—curtsied to the Sovereigns. It was a wonderful effect of rustle and shimmer and coruscating jewels. But the greatest thrill was when, after the King had read his Speech—every word was heard all over the House—and the Queen, a radiant figure in gold brocade, and literally blazing with diamonds, paused for an instant before she and the King left the daïs and curtsied to the peers and peeresses.

L. N. A.

LADY GALLOWAY

Who was married to the Earl of Galloway quite recently, leaving the House of Lords

The State Coach

UNTIL King Edward brought Cipriani's great State coach out of the dust sheets in which it had been

wrapped, Londoners had not seen it since, I think I am correct in saying, the death of the Prince Consort.

Queen Victoria opened Parliament by commission after the Prince's death, so the mid- and late-Victorians never saw the wonderful spectacle of the Sovereign going down to Westminster in full State to open Parliaments. Lord Beaconsfield is said to have exerted his great influence to persuade Queen Victoria to show herself in all the insignia of Sovereignty in the great glass coach. But nothing would alter her determination never to drive in it again.

Her reason was that it rocked and swung from side to side exactly like a boat on a rather choppy sea. After Beaconsfield had made his plea for her public appearance, Queen Victoria confided to one of her ladies, "My dear, I *dare* not drive in that carriage. I *know* it would make me ill! And think of being *sick* with my crown on and *before* my people!"

King Edward and Queen Alexandra's earlier progresses in the great vehicle were not the height of comfort. Every time it was used fresh methods were used to steady its swinging, and, despite the improvement made, even more measures had to be taken before it was used by King George and Queen Mary.

Alfieri

KNOTTY RACE PROBLEMS AT NOTTINGHAM

Lady Westmorland and Captain McDougal doing their best to solve the problem of "fancy" work at Nottingham, made all the more difficult by the mist that obscured the course at the concluding stages

Londonderry House

It is a strange commentary on the rapid changes in our social history that Londonderry House is practically now the only big house in London where political entertainments on the grand scale are given. Seventeen hundred people, it is said, were at Lady Londonderry's party last week to meet the Prime Minister. Judging by the squash I think there must have been even more. It took nearly half an hour to get from the cloak room on to the staircase, and then another ten minutes before one reached the gracious, smiling hostess at the top of the stairs, all glittering and ablaze with the gorgeous Londonderry diamonds.

The ballroom was one solid mass of people, and those who went down to supper early were wise in their generation. There were marvellous frocks and jewels, but in the compact wedge of people everywhere, individuals made little effect.

Your Bystander sympathised with an elderly lady who remarked to her escort after she had had her supper, "Now, I'm going home. I'm like Royalty. I hate crowds near me."

It was a gathering of great jubilation, and every star in the Conservative constellation was there except Mr. Austen Chamberlain, the Foreign Secretary, who was in Rome.

Three Generations

THERE have been three English *châtelaines* in succession at the magnificent Palazzo Doria in the Corso at Rome, where the

Alfieri

ANOTHER PICTORIAL NOTE FROM NOTTINGHAM

Mrs. Foulsham and Major Cavenagh at the Nottingham 'Chases. F. B. Rees brought his wins for the season to within one of his century, with Turkey Buzzard at the Puddington Steeplechase and Aliette in the Three-Year-Old Hurdles

Sport and General

SOMETHING TO WRITE HOME ABOUT

The Staff College (Camberley) Draghounds had the unique experience of killing a fox during a recent meet at Arborfield. The fox, possibly from the adjoining Garth country, got up from a ditch near the end of the first line. Our picture show, centre: The Master, Captain C. W. M. Norrie, D.S.O., with the mask; and the whips, Captain M. O'M. Creagh, M.C. (left) and Major V. B. Ramsden, D.S.O.

League of Nations has been holding its council meetings. The first was Lady Mary Talbot, a daughter of the then Earl of Shrewsbury, who married a Prince Doria in 1839. The next Prince Doria, a brother of the preceding Prince, married Lady Emily Pelham-Clinton, a sister of the present Duke of Newcastle, and their son, the reigning Prince Doria-Pamphilj, married an English lady who had nursed him after he was wounded in the War.

The first golf course in Rome was laid out in the grounds of the Villa Doria-Pamphilj on the Janiculum. Mr. Wickham Steed, whose book, *Through*

Sport and General

THE END OF THE GAME

Some of the guns at Captain R. M. Griffin's shoot over the Warwick Castle coverts. Our picture shows: Sir Pierce Lacy, Captain R. M. Griffin, Sir Thomas Gooch, Mr. L. Lister Kaye, Mr. J. C. Lucas, Major Bayley Worthington, and Mr. Bernard Docker

Alfieri

IN THE BADMINTON COUNTRY

Lady Avis Menzies, Miss Joan Astley and Mrs. Keith Menzies at a meet of the Beaufort at Christian Malford—the first since the death of the former Master

Thirty Years, is causing such a sensation, was the *Times* correspondent in Rome at the time, and it was he who was chiefly instrumental in persuading the late Prince Doria to allow the course to be made.

What is the Truth?

THE Duke of Portland and Mr. Wickham Steed have very different opinions concerning the state of health and mind of the Archduke Francis Ferdinand before the tragedy at Sarajevo. Mr. Steed in his book says that the Archduke was suffering from homicidal mania, and that the assassination at Sarajevo was a family plot, as the Hapsburg Archdukes and Archduchesses were growing more and more alarmed concerning their own future. The Austrian Emperor had full power over the family purse.

The Duke of Portland has given an implicit denial to Mr. Steed's statements touching the Archduke's mental condition. He says that he stayed with him at his estate, Konopisht, in Austria, and that the Archduke stayed with him at Welbeck, only a few months before the tragedy, and he saw no signs that could justify Mr. Steed's statements. Mr. Steed, however, sticks to his point.

Central Press

LADY CHESHAM

The wife of the Master of the Bicester, with some of the pack at the Bourton meet. A good point of forty-five minutes was registered over a stiff line of country

WORKERS IN THE CAUSE OF CHARITY

The Committee who were assisting the Grand Christmas Bazaar at Grosvenor House, opened last week by the Duchess of Devonshire. The group shows, front row: Lady Scarborough (left), Mrs. Humphrey de Trafford and her two daughters, Lady de Trafford, Lady Massereene and Lady Stern. Back row: Mrs. Morris Davis (left), Mrs. Glorney, Miss Carrol Glorney, Mme. de Landa, Hon. Kathleen Norton, Miss Elsa Maxwell, Mrs. Dennistoun and Miss D'Anyers Willis

ON DUTY [*L. N. A.*

Lady de Trafford (left) and Miss Veronica Duff at their stall at the Christmas Bazaar held at Grosvenor House last week. It was in aid of the Queen Alexandra Hospital at Roehampton, and the Rockefeller Gift Hospital

A Big Bazaar

THERE was a tremendous bazaar during three days of last week at Grosvenor House in aid of the Queen Alexandra Hospital Home for Paralysed and Disabled Soldiers at Roehampton, and to endow beds in the Rockefeller Gift Hospital. Buying was very brisk, and the twenty-six stalls must have netted a goodly sum. But it seemed odd to read on the card of admission, "By kind permission of the Duke of Westminster and the Viscount Leverhulme." There is great curiosity as to what Lord Leverhulme is going to do with the great house.

Not in London

I SEE a suggestion is made that we shall probably follow the example of Paris and New York and have small cabaret shows at which evening dress will not be "indispensable." The experiment may be tried, but I doubt very much if it will ever be a success in the West End.

I don't know about the habits and customs of New York, but in Paris evening dress is not regarded as an essential for evening entertainments as it is in London. Its absence makes all the difference between fussiness and smartness. We ourselves had evidence of that when the strict rule of evening dress in the stalls of theatres was abandoned.

An Eyesore Departing

WHILST the walls of Devonshire House are crashing down under the pick of the house-breaker, that gaunt skeleton of a building which has been an eyesore in Piccadilly for years, "the Park Lane Hotel," is to be completed. There was a good deal of German interest, I believe, in the original syndicate, and this led to the suspension of building operations at the outbreak of the War. Since then there have been various attempts at arrangement, and now the matter is settled. But somebody must have lost heavily. The girders and steelwork have had to be kept from rusting, and in addition to that the water from an underground stream which flows across Piccadilly into the Green Park and so to the Serpentine has had to be pumped out continually.

Under Three Administrations

THE Earl of Granard has a distinction which can never have been shared by any other officer of the Royal Household. He has been Master of the Horse under a Liberal, a Labour, and now a Conservative Government. This is because the post, together with that of the Lord Steward, has ceased to be a political appointment.

Those Little Things

HAVE you heard of the "League of Service"? It is an ingenious method of organising charitable work, founded by Miss Phyllis Holman, O.B.E., the clever amateur singer, and should be a great success. The League aims at the establishment of a system of co-operation whereby members who are able and willing to do "little things" in the way of social

amenitics and the lightening of life's drabness, may be brought into touch with those less fortunately situated, to whom those "little things" may make a very big difference. The sending away of occasional hampers, old illustrated papers, novels that have been read, concert tickets that are not in use—there are dozens of little things like this that we would like to do and *mean* to do, only somehow at the right moment we don't know any would-be recipients, or else we forget. And next thing we know is that the moment has passed. The League of Service is to help in these cases. If you are interested you should go to the Invitation Concert which Miss Holman and the Hon. Dorothy Paget are giving at the Æolian Hall on Thursday, December 18, at 8.30. Tickets may be had free from Miss Holman at 31, Albion Street, Hyde Park, W., or Miss Paget, at 39, Berkeley Square.

A New "Spoonerism"

A Royal lady was spending a week-end with some friends in the country. On Sunday morning the whole party went to church. The parson was obviously nervous and made several slips whilst reading the service. But in his sermon he crowned all by saying, instead of "The wish is father to the thought," "The fish is father to the wought." If you pronounce "wought" out loud, like "thought," you will understand what the sentence sounded like.

"I didn't laugh! I didn't laugh," said the Royal lady afterwards, "but oh, I had such a pain!"

The Royal Blue Book

That standby of every householder, *The Royal Blue Book Court Guide* (Kelly's Directories: 7*s.* 6*d.*) has once more made its annual appearance in good time for our New Year's arrangements. Last year those who guide our destinies very inconsiderately fixed the General Election for a date too late for the great elect to be included in the reference books. This year, however, things worked out much more satisfactorily—in all ways! So the 1925 Blue Book contains a complete list of the newly elected House of Commons in the two usual useful lists—the members' names in alphabetical order, and in the alphabetical order of their constituencies. The list of "better known Golf Clubs within easy reach of London," a very popular innovation last year, has again been included. So, too, with all those other pieces of miscellaneous information that one needs so surprisingly and so strangely at odd moments—the principal Law Courts and their officers; public societies; the L.C.C. officials; foreign ministers in London and His Majesty's representatives abroad, and, last but not least, in these days of gayness, the booking plans of all the London theatres, and the Royal Albert Hall.

L. N. A.

A HAMBLEDON "PAIR" AND ESCORT

Mr. S. Hardy, of Petersfield, the Master of the Hambledon Foxhounds, with his bride, Miss Ruth MacArthur, of Sydney, New South Wales, after their wedding at Steep Parish Church. With them is G. Roake, the Huntsman, and the whips

LADY CORYNDON [*Speaight*

The wife of Sir Robert Coryndon, K.C.M.G., the Governor and Commander-in-Chief of Kenya. Lady Coryndon will entertain the Duke and Duchess of York at Government House, Nairobi, at Christmas

LEAVING THE CHURCH [*Central News*

Lieut. W. E. Wilson, R.N., and his bride, Miss Betty Davis, after their wedding at St. Andrew's, Eltham. The Bishop of London officiated, and officers of the bridegroom's ship, H.M.S. "Revenge," formed the guard of honour

THE WORLD'S BIGGEST BIRTHDAY PARTY

The Ball of the Year

NEW YEAR'S EVE draws on apace, and soon the famous annual Chelsea Arts Ball, specially organised in conjunction with the Celebrations to mark the Coming of Age of THE BYSTANDER, will be filling the Albert Hall with revellers.

The decorations at the "Chelsea Arts" has always been one of the outstanding features of the proceedings, and this year Mr. Philip Connard, A.R.A., in whose skilful hands is the handling of the general scheme of decorations, has even surpassed all previous records. The Albert Hall will be transformed into a Venetian Palazzo, white marble, gold and silver being the predominant note.

A Music Note

TALKING of "notes," the "Clabon-West" orchestra, under the direction of Mr. P. S. Clabon-Glover, will play two numbers specially composed by Mr. Nat D. Ayer in honour of THE BYSTANDER'S Coming of Age. The foxtrot, entitled "When You and I Were Twenty-One," is one of the catchiest tunes Mr. Ayer has ever conceived, whilst the other, a specially written valse-song, "Just a Little Twilight Song," is bound to be immensely popular. The lyrics for both dances have been written by Ralph Stanley, and the well-known firm of music publishers, Messrs. B. Feldman and Co., are making arrangements to publish both numbers, which will be on sale on the first day of the New Year. The British Broadcasting Company will transmit these two tunes from the Albert Hall on New Year's Eve.

The Souvenir Programme

THIS year's ball will be a thing to remember, and the special Souvenir Programme—in itself a thing of beauty, therefore a joy for ever—will serve as a very tangible reminder of the finest of all fancy dress "do's" throughout the year to come. Among many other special features, this programme will contain facsimiles of the two BYSTANDER dance manuscripts autographed by the composer. "Sweets to the Sweet" is an old adage in which THE BYSTANDER is in full agreement, so every lady guest will be presented with a specially fashioned box of Cadbury's chocolates, whilst—so that there shall be no jealousy—every gentleman will receive a box of either Turkish or Virginian cigarettes. Harmony, therefore, will indubitably walk hand in hand with Gaiety.

"DINER DANSANT"

An appetising design for our Coming of Age Party at the Albert Hall

G. P. U.

FANCY DRESS SPLENDOUR

Mrs. McMillan in the striking costume she is to wear at the Chelsea Arts and Bystander Ball on New Year's Eve

G.P.U.

A PIECE OF PRICELESS CHINA

Miss Dorothy Deane as a piece of willow pattern china, an ingenious and captivating costume for the Bystander Birthday Ball

"TWENTY-ONE TO-DAY!" [*G. P. U.*

Members of the Royal Academy Schools rehearsing a touching topical drama "The Key of the Door," in preparation for the Chelsea Arts and Bystander Coming of Age Ball on New Year's Eve

Business As Usual

The British idea of an American business office, and—

BY LAURIE TAYLER

—The American idea of a British business office

By Nick

A FLOWER GATHERER OF GRASSE

The Riviera Week by Week

By J. GALBRAITH HORN

IT is said that the leading Casino shareholders have approved the expenditure of 17 millions of francs on new buildings during the next five years, including a new opera house beyond the Salle Ganne, a new Sporting Club (possibly overlooking the railway station) and the building of a new dining hall connecting the Café de Paris with the Salles Privées. Let us hope that the last operation may not bar the lovely view from the "Cheese" of the bays and headlands towards Italy.

THE resident foreigners would unanimously vote an expenditure on the gas and water supply as of infinitely greater moment. Rents have gone up enormously and every vacant flat and villa is snapped up, and building is covering almost every available space in the principality. In consequence, the increase in the resident population has been very large without a correspondingly large delivery of gas and water. The visitor who pays is rather disgusted not to be able to use his bathroom and to be deprived of hot water, while cooking on the gas stove has to be abandoned for the fire. The lighting all over the place just now is a mere shadow of what is required even for safety. The Casino gardens are in darkness unless "the stars shine bright."

SOMEHOW the streets are still copiously watered, but the old perfection of every detail in life here is obscured by much, I hope, temporary discomfort. It can, however, easily be proved that, allowing for the exchange and all the advantages of living in this sun-blessed and still almost taxless principality, rents are still fair and even moderate, while hotel pension prices are distinctly moderate. Of course, shopkeepers exist who fleece those who are ignorant or careless about money here as elsewhere. As an instance, at different shops you can pay five prices for a small loaf of wholemeal bread here—from 1¼ to 3 francs.

NICE municipality has voted a special expenditure of over 162 millions of francs. Whatever is required, a good expenditure would be on the construction of a new golf club as near as possible—preferably on the heights near Montboron or above Beaulieu, which would draw a huge crowd of the best class of American and British sun-worshippers.

Since December 1, the minimum stake even in the kitchen is 10 francs, and some of the tables have looked fairly empty in consequence. Of course, they will shortly be as crowded as ever, but the patient plodders who are said to make their louis a day, will have to readjust their gaming spectacles to new conditions, and perhaps form partnerships to stand the hazard of the more quickly reached limit of their gambling capital for each day.

MANY Monte Carlo residents had curious experiences at Nice on December 1, during the awful thunderburst which was almost as destructive as a Zeppelin raid. A friend was in his motor with his mother near the storm-centre on the promenade. His windscreen disappeared, but he was not overturned like the cabs, which he saw lifted in the air and dashed down with fatal results to some of the horses. Huge masses of plate glass were hurled far and wide. He lifted one off an injured woman's foot, which came away with the glass! The palms in the public garden snapped cleanly in two like wine glasses owing to the explosion area being, at certain points, above and parallel to the ground.

Le Noir

TENNIS TIME

Lord Cholmondeley and Miss Marie Burke, two well-known figures in the lawn-tennis world of the Côte d'Azur, snapped on the Calton Courts, at Cannes

AN appeal to free the English Church of St. Paul here of debt has been made by the Building Committee. During the last thirteen years, liberal subscriptions for the building fund have amounted to more than 364,000 francs, but in order to carry through the necessary work it was found necessary to go beyond the original estimate of 350,000 francs. The new appeal is for 50,000 francs in order that the opening of the year 1925 may see the Church free of debt.

THE discovery and existence of the Monte Carlo golf club were due to far-seeing Mr. Trub—the very valuable official of the Gordon Hotels—who pushed it for years with M. Camille Blanc, just as he pushed the necessity of a good site for the English Church of St. Paul for seven years, and got very large subventions from the authorities for its purchase. Monte Carlo owes much to this hardworking and charming man who, among many other interests, is, I believe, Consul for Brazil and Persia.

E. Navello

A SPORTING DUO

The Hon. Mrs. Beresford (left), the well-known lady golfer, and Mrs. Satterthwaite, equally well-known in another sphere of sport, at Monte Carlo

THE restaurant on Mont Agel is exceptionally good this year, and many non-playing members have joined (only 150 francs for the season) thus obtaining the privilege of inviting their friends to lunch gloriously above the clouds at this unique club.

At Bordighera, I hear that Mr. Larkins is the honorary secretary. The nine holes are now over 2,600 yards long and the bogey is 36.

SUNSHADES ON THE RIVIERA

BY NICK

Sunlight—and therefore, sun shade—plays its proper part in the Riviera winter scheme of things. Here are some other sort of sunshades in many charming forms, that help in their own colourful way

". . . . But her pagan beauty drew
Christian gentlemen a few,
Hotly to attend her . . . ."

Truffle Hunting in Gascony

By DELL LEIGH

I HAVE been truffle hunting, with Loulou, in Gascony. There, where the best truffles in the world grow, are other mistresses of the industry besides Loulou. There are *Mignonnes* and *Désirées* and *Poupées* and *Bébées* who hold brilliant court in their little kingdoms among the hills; and when they die, or become too old for the rather enervating and strenuous pursuit of truffle finding, other mistresses reign in their stead. For the French, and especially the Gascony farmer, are a fickle race of men.

All I knew about truffles was that they were the little black smudges appearing here and there in the luscious *pâté de foie gras* that my rich relations offered me from time to time. I had no idea that I was indebted to her for their upheaval from shingly ground in the woods; nor that without the calm graciousness of the Désireés and Loulous of the world truffle hunting would be a fearsome and expensive business.

The fame of Loulou and the guile of her reached me in my hotel twenty kilometers away from her abode, and I imparted some of the scandal about her to a wandering Movie-Man whom I had picked up in a ba—café in Perigord. All these cinematograph men, I find, have an eye for feminine beauty, especially of the sensational kind; and he was all for paying a call upon her forthwith in a car, complete with camera, tripod, spare reels of film, and all the heavy photographic junk that these intrepids hang about themselves even in the face of death.

Arrived at Coulaures, her home town, on a warm December morning, we enquired about her. The chauffeur asked a woman, and the woman asked *Monsieur Le Curé*, and that good man pointed us towards the sharp rise of the hills and the woods beyond, blessed us, and said assuredly thereabouts would we find her. So I and the Movie-Man and the chauffeur and all the gear wherein to mirror her beauty, and another ladies' man who had tacked himself on to us, scaled the foothills hotly to attend her in heavy overcoats.

But certainly she was at home, said Jacques Pierre, the farmer, her master; and should he put on his hu nting coa and bring her out for a little airing? Truffles? *mais, nom de Dieu*, was there a sow in all France with a nose like hers for them?

With great ceremony Jacques donned a black smock, took a basket, a haversack of grain ("dope," murmured the Movie-Man, laconically), and a long thin stick, while we rigged up the machine which brings the Pathé Gazette before your interested eyes at "the pictures," and then he called her in a hoarse, persuasive voice,

"*Loulou! Loulou! viens ici vite, ma petite.*"

She emerged, grumbling faintly, from dark recess of styedom, girt with a great dignity, but with an enquiring nose sniffing the warm air. A nose, so we were informed, that was worth 5,000 francs if it was worth a centime, "*parbleu, vous allez voir.*"

She headed straight for the woods at a steady trot, talking to herself about the cupidity of man. Loulou is no ordinary sow, you must understand, she is worth her not inconsiderable weight in *louis* because she can smell out a truffle growing a foot below the shale and stone on the floor of the woods, whereas you and I can smell nothing.

She is the bread winner of the Jacques Pièrre family, the adored of all. But hers is a sad life: one ceaseless round of avid searchings and routings in the brown earth, followed by poignant betrayals at the hand of man.

Thus:—We stand quiet (all but the Movie-Man, who creeps about in her shuffling wake, camera poised on tripod) while Loulou grunts her way sullenly to work. In a minute, in less, down into the earth and stones goes that heavily insured snout, the truffle is laid bare, looking like a carbonised potato.

She is in act to eat it when "thwick!" and down comes Jacques' pointed stick, the truffle is speared, snatched from the very jaws of mastication—and on she goes again routing at a fresh place, being cajoled by thrown grain, murmured to ingratiatingly, persuaded in this direction, exhorted to in that. And all the time she is being robbed of her spoils at the very last second of enterprise—a pig of a life, this.

They give her a truffle occasionally, poor darling, "just to keep her interested," as old Jacques explained. But she has her moments, her hour, when the whole world of Coulaures stands still. Loulou (or Désirée or Mignonne) has weaned a litter of little Loulous. The mere male offspring are as nothing; they have no truffle scenting snouts, and so are useless in the scheme of things; this is essentially a lady's job. They have a *flair* for it, but the hogs—"*pah! inutiles.*"

Imagine, therefore, the tense excitement of the entire neighbourhood when the little Loulous are taken to the woods for the first time, and the delicate smell of the truffle is in the air. . . . "*La! tu voi? Elle en a . . .non! . . . Si . . . ah, oui, c'est vrai—voilà . . . et voilà. . . .*" Some take after their mother, and some do not. Some can smell them out and some cannot. It is all a gamble. "As with women," Jacques said, "one can never tell—is it not so?"

And at the big factory in Perigord, which we visited that afternoon, there were thousands of these succulent truffles being carefully washed, scraped and packed for export to the restaurants that cater for the *gourmets* of the world. The Loulous of the countryside, cherished, provoked, incited, ruthlessly encouraged, had obligingly supplied the delicacy that adds the poetry of piquancy to our *pâtés*, pies and sauces. Who would have thought that Jacques' sows were such epicureans?

I leaned out of the window of my Paris-bound express that evening and saw innumerable hampers labelled "TROCADERO, LONDON," being put into the train. I vowed I would sit the very next night in that place of palatable dishes and renew my association with Loulou's gracious handiwork. For if she had a connoisseur's sense of flavour and scent I, too, was not ignorant of such matters. . . . .

As I dined *en prince* my mind would revert to the pleasant smell of those woods in the sunshine near Bordeaux, to Jacques and his passionate adoration of the incorrigible Loulou. Heaven bless her, and all her progeny, and theirs . . . and theirs, for the sake of those who will enjoy *un bon appétit* when I have gone.

I nudged the Movie-Man from his seat in the train to see these "Troc" truffles come aboard with us in the gay white hampers. He agreed with my dinner proposal emphatically to the point of terseness, but plumped for the *foie gras*, which he knew there and loved. Not so I. *En nature* for me, with a *sauce madère*, gorgeous!

I began to explain to him the subtlety and charm of this dish; but he was absorbed in some wayward gadget of his beastly camera, and merely replied, "Is that so?" in a detached voice.

Gross materialists these cinematograph men are. I suppose it is the nomadic life they lead—kills all appreciation of the beautiful. . . .

Winter and Sport at Wengen

PUSH AND GO

Winter sport is in full swing in Switzerland once again, and the favourite resorts are filling up apace. The competitors in a novel race on the ice at Wengen are seen waiting for the starter's pistol

Special Press and Keystone

ALL CHANGE HERE

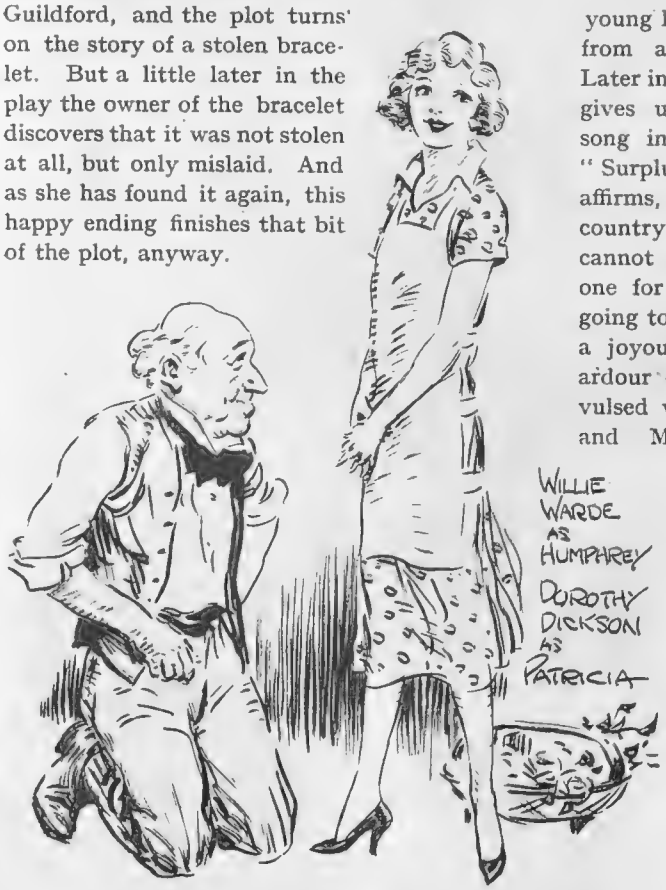
Winter sports devotees unloading the luges, skis, and other essentials to a Swiss outing, from the funicular railway at Wengen. Inset: Four very young bloods getting busy on their own account

PATRICIA AT HIS MAJESTY'S

Produced November 10th, 1924.

By "JINGLE" *Illustrated by MACMICHAEL*

THIS is a pleasing riot of mirth and jollity, set to sparkling music, and mounted with a nice and lavish taste. The plot of a musical comedy is by tradition a negligible quantity; but here it matters so little that even the authors seem to be setting it up like an "Aunt Sally," so that they may have a shy at it now and then. We have, first, Mr. and Mrs. Wentworth in the grounds of their very desirable mansion, near Guildford, and the plot turns on the story of a stolen bracelet. But a little later in the play the owner of the bracelet discovers that it was not stolen at all, but only mislaid. And as she has found it again, this happy ending finishes that bit of the plot, anyway.



BUT about this time Miss Cicely Debenham takes the floor with an outbreak of her rollicking humour, and nothing else matters for the moment. Aided by a comely and most efficient chorus, Miss Debenham assures us tunefully that when we have left school we have only just begun to learn things. As one who has left school for quite a while now, and is still picking up amazing scraps of fresh knowledge, I agree that this lively young lady must have got her tip from an entirely reliable source. Later in the evening Miss Debenham gives us a still more rollicking song in which she represents the "Surplus Woman." There are, she affirms, millions of men in one country and another, and yet she cannot succeed in getting hold of one for herself, and what are you going to do about it? The song is a joyous effort delivered with an ardour that keeps the house convulsed with laughter all the while, and Miss Debenham is to be highly complimented on her happy genius.

THEN we get another bit of a plot, this time of a more enduring character. Mr. Wentworth has a very valuable plan of a new invention, which he naturally leaves on a garden table for the first breeze to blow away. Mr. Billy Leonard, needing a scrap of paper in order to make a pencil note, picks up the valuable plan, scrawls his note upon it and drops it into his pocket casually, without the least idea of the trouble he is causing. The plan is concerned with an invention for solving the problem of "television," and as soon as it is missed from the garden table another alarm of theft is raised. Considering the trouble that television is going to cause when it becomes a fixture among us, it would not have been surprising to hear that it actually had been stolen on purpose by some enterprising man of business who can see in it a sadly complete refutation of his claim to having been "detained at the office," when by means of the fiendish instrument he was clearly visualised in one of the sportful haunts of Brighter London.

ON the first hint of the theft of the plan, Miss Cicely Debenham decides to become a private detective and stalk the missing plan to its unauthorised lair. Not that she takes her detective job seriously, or any nonsense of that sort. She does pretty well everything but detect, and she is aided and abetted in her new pursuit by Mr. Ambrose Manning, who is the delightfully obtuse detective of popular fiction, only more so.

Then Mr. Billy Leonard floats on the scene, and, properly apprehensive lest the new plot should outstay its welcome, bursts into song announcing himself as a regular dancing-man. He sings of the girls he has danced with here and there, singing and dancing and dancing and singing, and letting himself go with conscientious thoroughness. That it should be encored again and again is no more than a just tribute to the rare excellence of the turn.

THEN, of course, there is Patricia herself, whom up to now I have most unfairly neglected. The part is charmingly

played by Miss Dorothy Dickson; while John Bradshaw, the man after Patricia's heart, is represented by Mr. Philip Simmons who, when there is any serious singing to be done, handles the job with satisfying efficiency. Miss Dickson and Mr. Simmons

BILLY LEONARD PROVES THAT HE IS A DANCING M-A-AN"

dance together with an unassuming grace that impressed me as being better than anything of the kind I have ever seen before. But by this time some more plot is due, and with the arrival of the second act we find that Patricia has just become John Bradshaw's wife, and the happy pair have arrived for their honeymoon at—Golder's Green. There are people, I know, who refuse to believe that there is such a place as Golder's Green, but I have the direct evidence of several eye-witnesses that the place exists, and everybody knows that you can't see a thing if it isn't there.

A DAINTY little song introduces Patricia to her new home. Here, for instance, is the dining-room, a portion of the stage occupied by a table and two chairs. In the corner, where the bookcase stands, is obviously the library; while a row of plates on a rack close by as clearly indicates the kitchen. After all, a home is what you like to call it. I have known a "smoking-room" so called because there are a cigarette-case and a tobacco-jar on the mantelpiece; and if you take the tobacco away and put a couple of books there instead, it automatically becomes the library. All these little fancies belong naturally to the region of romance, but that is obviously the land wherein the newly wed should dwell. And it has been pointed out to us on previous occasions that love in a cottage is often quite as complete as the same commodity in a lordly mansion. The song is a pretty and delicate piece of nonsense, admirably handled by Mr. Simmons and Miss Dickson. After that we get a little glimpse of something like tragedy, considering the occasion. Hubby is called away from home, "on this day of all days" as Patricia mournfully puts it, to follow up a clue concerning the stolen plan which it appears is his property, and may well bring him fame and fortune. But Patricia will have it that by pursuing such a sordid thing as a fortune on his wedding-day he has supplied evidence that he has ceased to love her. 'Pon my word! there's no pleasing some of 'em, is there? So Patricia goes to a dance all alone in Grosvenor Square, resolved, it would seem, to have her honeymoon by herself, if there is no other way. Fortunately, however, here she meets her husband, the stolen plan gives itself up, and everybody lives happily ever after.

DOROTHY DICKSON AND PHILIP SIMMONS

AMBROSE MANNING AS PETER RUMBLE
CICELY DEBENHAM AS MISS SMYTHE

THE dancing in this musical comedy, which is of unusual excellence, has been arranged by Mr. Max Rivers, who himself appears in the third act as dancing partner to Miss Dickson. Miss Mary Leigh makes a small part agreeably light and lively; and it is pleasant to see Mr. Willie Warde once more on the active dancing list. *Patricia* fulfils all the great expectations inspired by the usual musical comedy; but beyond all these, it has a sparkle and a brilliancy that are peculiarly its own. A feature of the programme is the liberal manner in which the furnishers of stage costumes and properties is acknowledged. The makers of the bracelet are duly honoured by name; while credit is even given for the supply of the—gentlemen's hosiery! Yet, surprising as it may seem, no mention is made of the sources of supply of the more intimate garments of the ladies of the chorus, though these are very frequently and very considerably in evidence. After all, a gentleman's hosiery is his own concern; but that of the ladies who indulge in much high-kicking is a matter of acute public interest. *Patricia* is a comedy (with music) that should help to keep London bright for many moons to come. JINGLE.

NOT THEIR "SET"

By Stan Terry

Wireless Fiend (*pointing out celebrity*): "The aerial over there with the cat's whiskers is Captain Tomkins!"

MOTLEY MUSINGS

BY HARTLEY CARRICK

Should you be one of those who frets and mopes
When urchins caterwaul outside your gates,
Remember that there may be some White Hopes
Among those middle waits!

. . . . . .

At this season of the year many *patres familiarum* are realising that Christmas is about the only thing they can afford to spend.

. . . . . .

Quite a large number of carol-singers who have been proclaiming, "No-*el*" have been surprised when the householder has given it to them.

. . . . . .

A correspondent declares that the League of Nations is a pantomime body. We suggest, therefore, that they should produce "Jack and the Peace Talk."

. . . . . .

"Won't you have some more tipsy-cake, Miss Anne Teek?" asked her bachelor host.

"Oh, sir, this is so sodden!" gasped the gushing spinster.

A Malay vendetta, which had lasted for a generation, has ended with the annihilation of two families. This would seem to be another instance of an Eastern potent hate.

. . . . . .

We are delighted to record that the All Blacks have at last met with defeat—even though it happened in the Sudan.

. . . . . .

It is announced that a noiseless aeroplane has been constructed. We suppose that now the poor thing will be all dressed up and have no whirr to go.

. . . . . .

In reply to an invitation from a club to dinner, Mr. Bernard Shaw scrawled a gigantic "No" on one of his famous postcards. Dramatic circles are hotly debating whether he has ever said anything cleverer.

. . . . . .

A contemporary has started a discussion as to what constitutes the ideal man. A bridge novice writes, "My ideal man is one who never grumbles when I deal wrong."

Owing to heavy taxation, owners of historic mansions continue to sell many of their most treasured possessions. Some of them, we understand, are even contemplating giving up the ghost!

. . . . . .

Bicycling is said to be increasingly popular in Scotland. It is strange that so many believers in predestination should turn to the doctrine of free-wheel.

. . . . . .

Ladies are now said to be favouring the Eton Crop for their tresses. But some heads of hair continue to look as though a harrow had been over them.

. . . . . .

"I have come to ask you for the hand of your daughter," said the young man to a local J.P.

"You are remanded for inquiries," said the latter, brusquely.

. . . . . .

"Don't you realise that your wife is your greatest asset?" remarked his friend, severely.

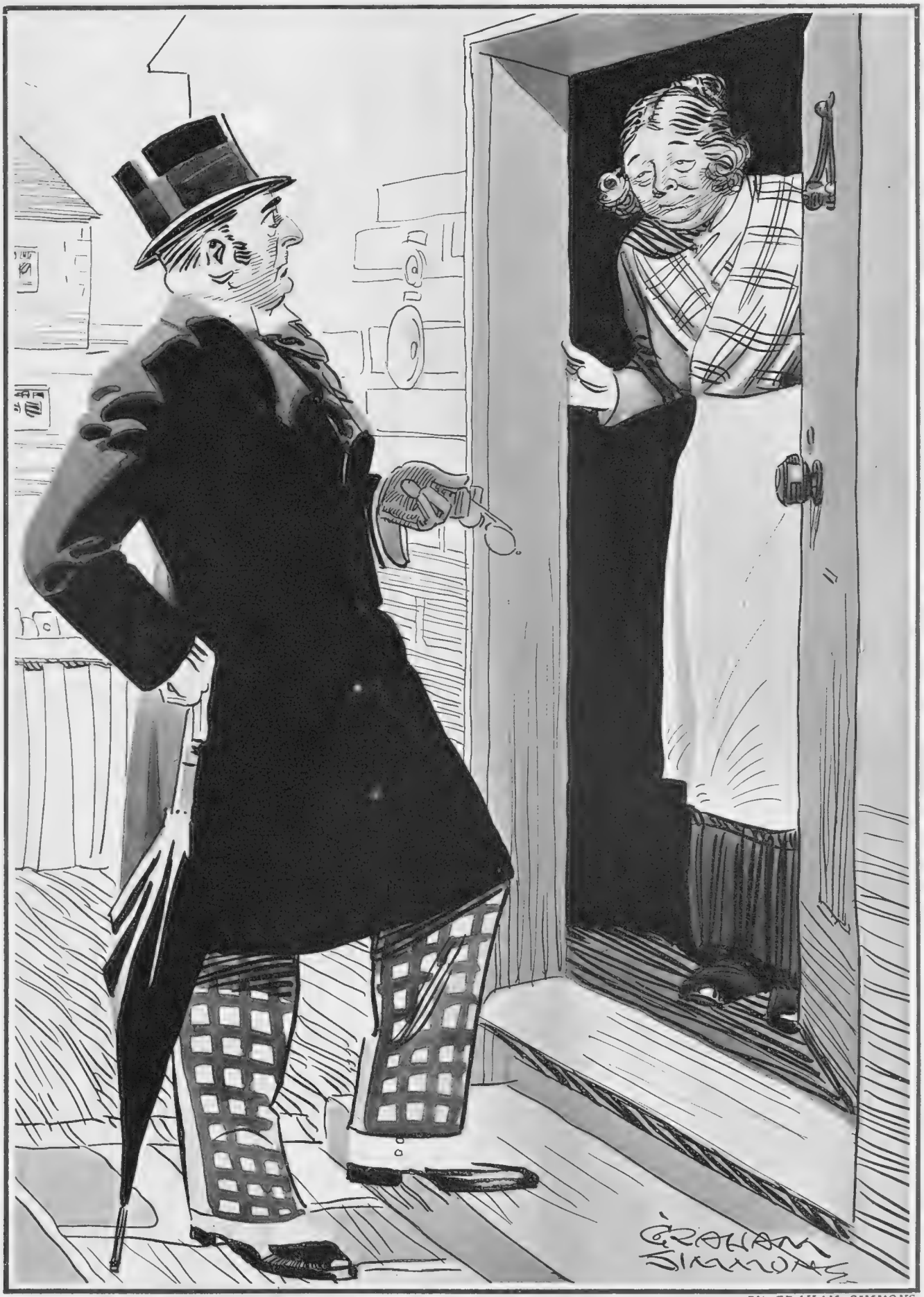
"Then it's an asset I wish I *could* realise!" groaned the impecunious one.

. . . . . .

In these dear-food crises,
When meat's dearly bought,
Butchers' soaring prices
Give us food—for thought!

(Continued on page 898).

On the Bust



BY GRAHAM SIMMONS

VISITOR: "Can I see Mr. Brown, the sculptor?"
'CHAR': "No, sir, he's busy, sir. He's—er—busting a lady!"

ALL the way from Southern Rhodesia comes a line from a correspondent anxiously enquiring whether there will be another "car"-pet knight in the New Year's Honours List.

. . . . . .

"You see," he explained, "I like Nora next to Nell, but as I haven't got a bean my chances are next to *nil*."

. . . . . .

No decent father minds paying for theatre stalls at this time of year. It's the Christmas boxes that get his goat.

HARTLEY CARRICK

An Automatic Dial-ogue

MOLLIE threw down her paper with a pout.

"Too bad! I have just spent about a month teaching Eliza how to get through to you on the 'phone for me, and now they are going to change everything, and put in some automatic contraption instead. It *is* tiresome. With parlourmaids as scarce as—as dodos or dodi, or whatever you call them."

George listened tolerantly, but explained that the only thing she would notice would be the absence of the girl at the exchange calling "Hop nane-o-double-fife" as an echo to her request for "Park five-eight-double-nine."

So far from mollifying Mollie, this assurance only exasperated her.

"You don't mean to say they are going to throw all those girls out of work and rob Ethel M. Dell of her most devoted readers!"

"I understand," said George, "that all the telephone girls will be absorbed."

Mollie murmured that they appeared to be absorbed at present—in Ethel M. Dell.

She wanted to know how on earth she would ever get the number she wanted if there was nobody to put her through.

"Ah," said George, "that is just the point. That is where the automatic dial comes in. Moreover, you will get the number you want at once, instead of the number you don't want after ten minutes."

Mollie looked at her paper. "It says here that I have got to energise leader magnets and rotate non-conducting cams. I tell you plainly if I have to rotate a non-conducting cam every time I want to speak to you. . . ."

"My dear girl, you won't have to do anything of the sort. The system is simplicity itself."

George, at this point, settled himself down as though realising that it was his innings at last. Mollie rose and pushed the electric bell.

"What are you doing that for?"

"If you are going to explain, we might as well have Eliza in, so that you can kill two birds with one stone. . . . Oh, Eliza, I wanted you to come and hear how the new telephone works."

George cleared his throat. "It's like this. The letters or digits which you will get in the dial attached to the telephone base are converted by the mechanism at the back into interruptions of the current to the same number as the amount of the digit. This begins to operate at the director, which is a combination of selectors, more complex in design but operating on the same principle, without any human intervention. The process may be more simply explained in this way. For each letter and number of the required exchange and number, the punctured disc has to be brought round to the finger stop, and on being released by the caller—that's you——"

"No, not me—Eliza."

"——on being released by the caller it returns automatically, causing springs to function which transmit the necessary impulses to the Exchange. Is that perfectly clear so far?"

Mollie smiled sweetly. "I haven't the vaguest idea what you are talking about."

"Is it the new telephone, ma'am?" inquired Eliza.

Mollie nodded.

"My sister's in service at Epsom, where they have had one for years, sir."

"Then perhaps you could make it clearer," began George acidly.

"Oh yes, sir. You just put your finger in the disc and spell out the Exchange and number you want. I've often done it."

Mollie raised her eyebrows at least three-quarters of an inch. "Is that all you do?"

"That's all, ma'am."

"How silly," said Mollie, and looking at George over her paper, "Why didn't you say so?"

"I did," said George.

SO THIS IS LONDON!

A Russian Artist's Impressions of the Metropolis

By Bielkin

The Present!—By One Who Was Not

BY W. HEATH ROBINSON

The Presentation of Birthday Gifts to the scion of one of our oldest families on the occasion of his coming of age

THE POETRY OF THE PYJA

BY A. K. MACDONALD

AMA—AS PARIS RECITES IT

Beyond the Pale

BY D. L. GHILCHIK

WIFE: "Don't be so preposterously mid-Victorian, Jack! Who ever heard of a girl not powdering?"
CRITICAL HUSBAND: "Quite, old thing. But why overdo it? Remember, discretion is the better part of pallor!"

"THE DE'IL IS BUSY IN A HIGH WIND"

In every man's life there arrives a moment when he must come to a decision; when he must steel his courage and take action, even though his happiness and soul's salvation may depend on his choice.

Jim Allerton was in this tragic position.

For five hours he had wandered over the moor, communing with his inmost thoughts.

The lonely farmhouse, whither he was returning to his family, was now only four miles distant.

He pictured the children when he last saw them that morning, waving him a loving farewell as he disappeared round the bend of the narrow moorland path.

Soon he must decide!

Should he strike the blow at once, and risk all, or wait a little longer, hoping against hope to find some other way?

Hesitate and you are lost! . . . . Look before you leap! . . . . These were the conflicting morals that tortured his brain!

The wind blew, the rain beat mercilessly against his face, as if to sting him into a spirit of resolution.

Buffeted from without by the storm, tormented from within by his doubts, he was driven to take shelter near the hollow trunk of an old tree.

He stood there, his pipe clenched tightly between his teeth, trying to collect and concentrate his thoughts.

"When should he strike?" was the fateful question that clamoured for an answer!

The fitful blasts of the wind taunted him in his indecision!

Suddenly a feeling of reckless desperation overcame him. He struck! Once! Twice! It was finished! The head came off! And it was his last match! D—!!! A. HARROD

MODEL BEHAVIOUR By BATCHELOR

Old Lady (*to shopman dressing window*): **"Have you nothing better to do, sir, than to stand there waving to those girls who are trying to get on with their work?"**

THE PITFALL

Normally Charles was one of the most care-free men one could possibly encounter. It was therefore with great surprise that, on bursting into his room, I found him apparently in the advanced stages of grief.

"What's wrong, old man?" I queried.

He shook his head in despair.

"Terrible . . . terrible," he muttered, as if to himself. "If only I had had the strength to crush that one great temptation. For weeks—aye, months—I have battled against it, but daily the desire to do this deed was getting me more and more in its grip. Yet I hoped against hope that I might resist that awful moment. It is too late now. The deed is done. Had you arrived an hour earlier—things might have been very different."

"For Heavens sake, tell me, Charles—what it is. Perhaps I can help you even now," I said in all sincerity.

"It is too late. I knew that sooner or later I should do this thing for which I am so sorry. I can only hope that my case will be viewed mercifully by those people who will suffer by my rash act. Human nature is very weak and temptation is very strong."

"But, man alive, tell me what it is. I may help to hide your guilt if you'll only confide in me?"

"Nothing," he replied, "can save me now. By the first post to-morrow the evidence will be in other hands."

"I don't understand you, Charles," I said, surprisedly.

For a moment he was silent. Then he spoke in a slow broken tone.

"I hardly understand myself. In haste to get this trouble off my mind, I posted, earlier this evening, a manuscript to the Editor of the ——— Magazine."

"And did it contain details of your terrible deed?" I queried.

"Yes," he replied, lowering his head. "It contained a story about a SHEIK." KATIB

THE SAFE INVESTMENT By CUNINGHAM

"Do you find that advertising brings quick results?"
"I should say it does! Why, only the other day we advertised for a night-watchman, and that night the safe was robbed"

A WRITER in a foreign journal says that the flesh of a porcupine, if lightly roasted, rivals the flavour of the finest pork. H'm!

I hesitate to say it is a lie;
Yet at this statement I must draw the line, for
I fancy should this dish you chance to try,
That porcupine won't be the pork you pine for!

Our Nap Selection

Vaughan and Freeman

"LOLITA"—A CERTAIN LESTER WINNER

A striking photograph of "Signorita Lolita" the pet of the bull-ring in national garb. The Signorita impersonates Mr. Alfred Lester to the life in "The Punch Bowl" at the Duke of York's Theatre—which is not surprising!

PARISIANA By "René"

ILLUSTRATED BY MARCEL PONCIN

MES AMIS—

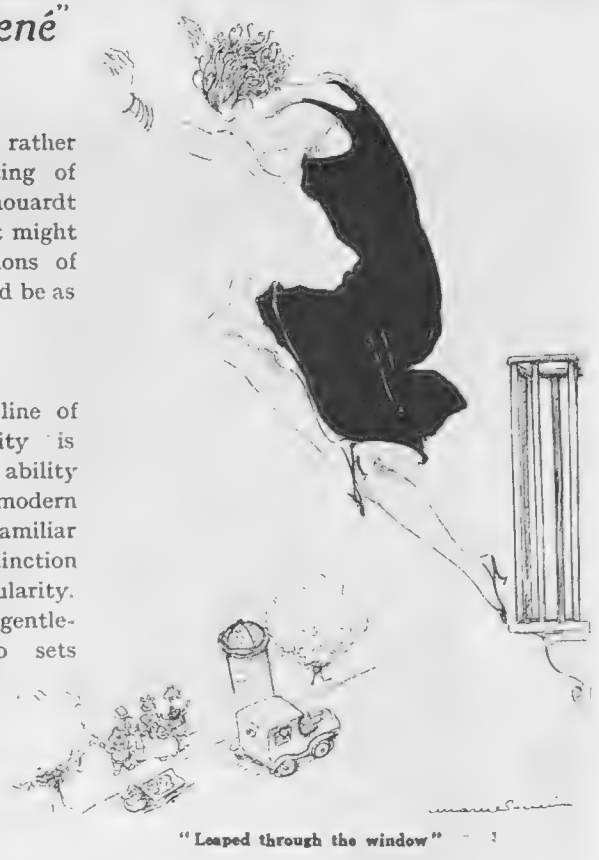
THERE is an indefinable something about the dainty little Théâtre Daunou. One need not waste time trying to say what it is, for it is one of those mysterious elements which defy the boldest clutch. Enough of an explanation is to indicate that one cannot help but be interested in what happens there. Even if there should be a lapse from the high standard, the feeling of interest prevails, possibly in the character of surprise at such an occurrence in such a place. But lapses are rare. I do not think the pretty little house has known more than half a dozen plays in the three years or so of its existence, which is a fairly enviable record for a new establishment.

Nounette, ou la Déesse aux cent bouches, the new piece, is a perfect example to illustrate the conjecture that success here is almost unavoidable. This comedy is handicapped to the extremest limits by the attempt to do too much and yet one cannot help but enjoy it. Almost always at the Daunou there are compensations which more than make up for the drawbacks. The luck of Mme. Jane Renouardt, who runs the theatre, must be of vast degree. One hopes that it may continue, for she is a trier, and triers so rarely escape a bad streak.

MOST of the handicaps in the staging of *Nounette* originate in the fact that it is adapted from a novel of Henri Duvernois. Nearly all Duvernois' novels tempt adapters. They seem so obviously ready-made for the stage. The dramatic and humorous incidents are there already, and the dialogue can be borrowed as it stands without the fag of having to make it more incisive. Thus there is a tendency to endeavour to stage the novel instead of reconstructing a good play from a good romance. MM. Abel and Jacques Tarride have fallen before the temptation as others had slipped before them. With the employment of no fewer than fourteen *tableaux* for a three-act comedy they have created the impression of a film which could very fairly be described as *quatorze scènes de la vie Parisienne*. Luckily for them the scenes are worth presenting, even in this rather jerky fashion, and the acting of Victor Boucher and Jane Renouardt staves off the irritation that might be caused by fourteen visions of the curtain. *Nounette* should be as popular as its predecessors.

IT has a good topical line of argument that publicity is more essential than mere ability in these overcrowded modern nights, but to this already familiar thesis is added a nice distinction between publicity and popularity. André Cherpray-Barfleur, gentleman by profession, who sets fashions in hats, neckties, gloves and dances, and organises *petites fêtes mondaines* for people who wish to climb or cling, knows the financial worth of publicity—if he did not he might have to work—but he also appreciates some of its perils. He may personally feel that his mistress, Nounette, is a gifted artiste, worth more limelight than she is at that moment receiving in her small part at a minor music-hall, but he wants to keep her for himself, so he bids *au revoir* to publicity when he closes the door of his little flat.

AS Nounette is so old-fashioned that she is not looking for publicity, being content with André, the menage starts exceptionally well. But André has to give rendezvous to *mondaines* for the benefit of his business interests, and when Nounette makes the discovery, her old-fashioned ideas impel her to suicide—in the form of a leap through the window. Not having looked before the leap, she is caught by the sun blind of a café, but this saving net projects her into the clutches of that hundred-mouthed goddess of publicity, an American impresario scenting another Pearl White in this leaping agility.



"Leaped through the window"

"Marrying their *bonne*"

PUBLICITY and an American tour make Nounette a "star" able to return to Paris loaded with dollars, pearls and accent—from sabots to "say bo's." But it is obviously incumbent upon André to commit suicide. Though he can tolerate being a "bo," which he can accept in the French sense, the dollars are too much for him, so he sets the bullets flying. He is not a good shot with bullets, but he hits the bull's eye with Nounette, now convinced that he loves her far more than the *mondaines*, and together they say "Zut" to salons and stage. Victor Boucher has an ideal rôle as the *arbitre des élégances* and Jane Renouardt is as

aptly provided for by the creative imagination of M. Duvernois. When two such artistes have the opportunity for full scope, it matters little that some of the accessories are faulty. Our money's worth is assured.

FREQUENTLY it has been the plaint of the girls of Paris that they are not capturing as many husbands as they ought, *toutes proportions gardées*.

"Pas libre!"

Already restricted by the difference in numbers, they see that many among the eligible males turn a blind eye towards their charms. But we have just learned that there is one class among the desiring *demoiselles* that has not the tiniest complaint to make about the manners of the male. This is the *bonne*. *Bonnes* are finding husbands with as much facility as they can find beaming mistresses, ready to regale and robe them as well as to pay them as many francs in a week as they used to earn in a month. This must be the *célibataire's* solution of the servant problem—marry the maid. The lass who can furnish the *bonne chère* has become the *bonne chérie*. Unfortunately for my married friends, this is a solution that is only available to bachelors.

I HAVE been listening to the protests of a dear white-haired lady who can never be old. Her grievance is that the present generation of girls imagine they are far more advanced than they really are. Most of the present "bold" fashions, she says, are merely a jump backward instead of forward, as they have been tried before. You have only to look at the pictures of a few generations ago if you wish to confirm this. Some girls might be prepared to dispute this, but it would be hard.

THE vogue of the moment is certainly Byronic. "Byronettes" may be seen everywhere, their long costumed-coats coming to within a few inches of the bottom of the short skirt, giving the effect of a frock coat, which is buttoned to outline the waist sharply in the traditional Byronic manner. The broad-brimmed masculine hat and the poise of the head complete the Byronic silhouette.

"Les Byronettes."

ONE would have thought the horrors of the Paris telephone were already sufficiently appalling. But some demon has come to the conclusion that our sufferings are not sufficiently acute, so he is about to combine with the telephone tortures those of the phonograph. One could be facetious with a pleasant-voiced girl when she replied, "*Pas libre!*" There are subscribers who say that the query "*Et demain soir?*" has been very well worth while. But what can one do when it is a phonograph that rasps "*Pas libre!*" What an unfair battle it is between romance and mechanics.

RENÉ

Stage Photo Co.

STREWTH!

In other words "Truth"—or, yet again, Miss Maisie Gay—entrapped by the inhabitants of "Fool's Paradise" in *Charlot's Revue* at the Prince of Wales's Theatre. If all the people in Fool's Paradise are like those seen above then surely "'tis folly to be wise"!

At the Sign of the Moulin Rouge

BY BERT WILSON

SOME IMPRESSIONS OF A POPULAR PARIS "DANCING"

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YOGO HAMA ON IGNORAMUS PRESS PERSONS

MOST DEAR HON. SIR—

IT are with gnashing teeth that I unfurl thisly week my pen so I may calmishly express you my profoundly deep indignations and enragements. I have suffered, Hon. Sir, to be extremely insulted by a very non-esteemed and non-hon. contemporary which no doubtlessly thinks because I are Japanese gent it can offer me offensives with complete non-retaliations. I are not aware the non-distinguished name of the editing person of saidly newsprint, but if he supposes to imagine he can bury his head in anonymousness like Hon. ostrich and other desert songsters, he has the wrong leg on his boot. Stupendously better it should have been for him if he had executed himself by a slow or other poison, and if he takes this good hinting he will speedishly perform same and die an honourable decease for an apology.

" Kindly, Mr. Y. Hama, to inform why this so volcanic eruptions ? Have you been crossed in affections or suffered love jiltings ? " you impray, Hon. Sir ?

Ha, ha, I shall not tell you publicly the name of this so wicked, truthless, accurateless, non-virtuous, vileish, unmoralized and depravity newsprint which I would not disdain myself to read with a barge or other long pole, which I cannot sufficiently discover words of contempt to describe. My attentions have been drawn to on or about the 25rd inst. when aforesaidly loathful inksheet (which I do not even imagine to suppose can correctly inscribe Hon. Majesty's English) made to imprint in its non-pure and criminal pages the following venemous, truthless and libelish offensive, to wit and vizly : " Yogo Hama, the mysterious *Chinaman* of THE BYSTANDER made an all too brief appearance at the Kingsway last night, when the 2-nd edition of *Yoicks* was produced."

Who, I seek to require, is the intelligentless, water-headed, competantless, non-literate, educationless and defectively mental ld-a-line person who depicted this so maliciousful libel ? But I shall not soil my pen to waste words on this so non-witted, giftless, ignoramus ink hack who are so non-believably cultureless, he cannot depict a Japanese gent from a *Chinaman*. We can strain to forget this significantless worm but how, I require, of the Editor ? Let him not run away to suppose he shall succeed to escape by the most abjectful apologies. O no, I shall produce him a very A1 libel persecution for 150,000£'s of damages. That shall make him to assiduously remember whether Yogo Hama are a *Chinaman*, or to the contrary !

I shall not be so falsely modest to pretend I have not made " Yoicks " a hughish success by my so non-approachable gifts. No doubtfully this shall raise to burning the envies of Hon. Sir G. Maurier, Hon. H. Ainley, Hon. Sir Matheson L. and other acting persons who will now become very back seats. Also a small feathered sparrow has whisper straight from a stable that perhapsly I shall act Hon. Sir Hamlet in " Alas, poor Yoricks," by late Sir Shakespeare.

"I shall act Hon. Sir Hamlet"

" Kindly, Mr. Y. Hama, to remember this are season of peaces and good wills, when we should constrain to love those we hate. Re concerning Hon. Editor, should it not be a goodish and theological mercy to kiss and make friends ? " you repart, Hon. Sir ?

O yes, that are all so well because you have not suffered these insultings. Endeavour to suppose I should depict you as " Most dear Hon. Chinese Sir," should you not promote me a libel ? O yes, because that would be a horse of a different tune. O no, this so anonymous Editor shall hop off his roosts very speedishly when I are award stupendous damagings.

" Come, Mr. Y. Hama, I do not give you these good spaces to make in them your private grouses, so kindly to produce us some seasonable commentings," you ensneer ?

"When I are award the damagings"

All so well, but I shall not depict you a lot of gushes and mawks, but very severishly to the contrary. Let us consider this so great tyranny of Xtmas shopping. Personally for myself, I do not very greatly adore to totter under tons of impedimentos which I have so muggishly made purchase because of sweet oggles of the emporium fairs. Also I cannot prevent to blush crimsonly when entering a silk stockings and garters department to make purchase for Hon. masc friend in Japan.

"You make purchase silk stockings for Hon. masc friend in Japan? O indeedly yes, I do not think, Mr. Y. Hama!" you ejacule non-delicately?

This shows you to have very non-pure imaginings, so I shall not depict you any more informations on this so delicious subject. Why, I bemuse morosishly, must we at Xtmas seek to play infantine and other effeminate games, like as Hunt the Boot, and suchly nursery athletics? But mostly of all I non-relish the Blindman Buffs sporting, because when I endeavour to strenuously catch for kisses some luscious fairs, I only discover to find I are kissing a non-lucrative head which belongs to some very ancient ancestor. Ah ha, but these fairs who make to assiduously pretend they seek non-kissings, blow a different tune in a non-public or other darkish corner. Permit I should emerge a smallish kissing afflatus as vizly:

How sweet it are to bandy kisses,
With fair or blonde or brunette misses,
To make indulge some smallish flirtings,
With these so luscious bits of skirtings.

(Ha, ha, Mr. Y. Hama, I see you are a very deucish fellow with the fairs, who cannot effect to resist your so wicked beauty.)

"Kissing a non-lucrative head . . . . . "

"Drink numerous good healths"

Notwithstandingly, I confess to admit some of the Anglo Xtmas customs are very delicious and make us to love each others very ecclesiastically. You make to accidentally encounter 2 or 3 Hon. friends who seek to require what you shall have (*i.e.*, non-mineral beverage). Perhapsly you say "a diminutive Bass," or "a double B and S," then you enjoin to a Cock and Bull, a Pig's Head or other intoxicants emporium and drink numerous good healths, which makes I to be very happy and gay after 6 or 9 Scotches, so that we grow to become very full of brotherly love and other good feeling spasms. Then we sing "Another small Scottish shall not produce us any harm" (which I consider to be a very beautiful Anglican song), and have another for "Auld Lang's Sake." (A very sweetish drinking cantartoe.)

Hoping, Hon. Sir, to have the so great honour to drink very numerously and often your esteemed good healths, I remain

Yogu Hama

"Totter under tons of impedimentos"

Our cook recently attended a cookery class. She has now, however, discontinued her visits as she complains that the lecturer is almost inedible.

. . . . .

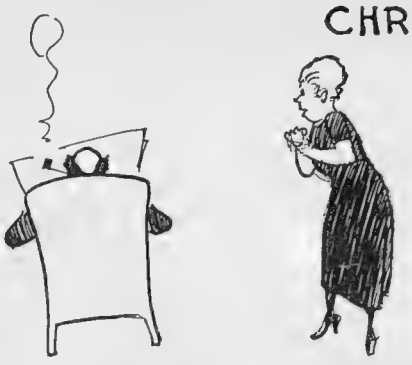
We understand that bricklayers, when tossing for drinks, invariably go on the principle of hod man out.

. . . . .

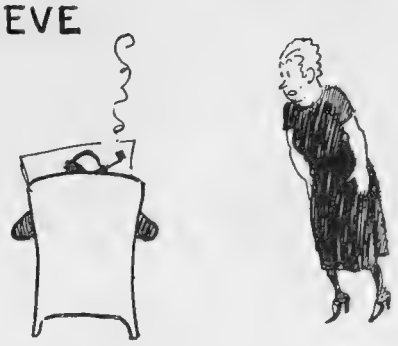
"That chap must have a lot of money to chuck about. He's always got some girl on the back of his motor-bike."

"Yes, he must be quite a pillionaire."

CHRISTMAS EVE



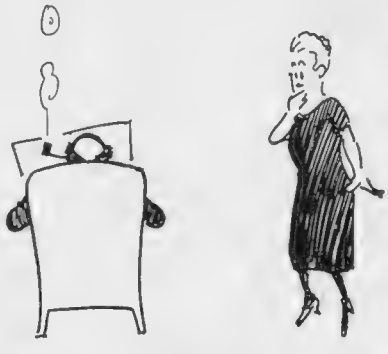
5·35 "Uncle George's luggage hasn't arrived."



6·10 "Dickie's new bicycle hasn't come."

6·30 "They haven't sent the turkey."

6·33 "The grocer has forgotten to send the crackers."



6·34 "That reminds me — I forgot to order your Worthington."

6-34 1/5

ORDER YOUR CHRISTMAS

Worthington NOW!!

What shall we drink?

When you desire a drink it is well to bear in mind that the real need is for water—for pure water made palatable. Flavourless food, whether solid or liquid, leaves the harp of life untouched. In Ross's Belfast Ginger Ale we have pure spring water charmed to perfection as a drink by the gentle spirit Ariel of Champagne, and the persuasive gifts of the orchard and spice garden.

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The Co-Pessimists

By Blanchette *Illustrated by Helen McKie*

LONDON, *December* 15

DEAR COUSIN—

THERE was a wonderful cartoon Max did once, wasn't there (prob'ly now in the Mus. Britt. or British Mu., unless p'raps some famous actor's bought it for the nation or something) 'bout "Mr. Galsworthy looking on the world and finding it foul"? But Mr. John Galsworthy, though cert'nly a bit pessimistic at times, doesn't seemingly even begin to be in the same *galère*, street, county or quarter of the universe as that other great author of the period, Mr. H. G. Wells.

HATES pretty well everything there is, 'parently, does Mr. H. G. W., 'cording to his new book just out that's called *A Year of Prophesying*. Our clothes, our food, our amusements, schools, trade, politics, laws, Empire and whatnot. . . . Clothes mostly ugly and dirty, says he, tho' doesn't 'xactly explain how or why. And 'm sure *ours*, anyway, aren't either, 'specially these days when skirts are so short again, and things so (fairly) cheap you don't *need* to wear anything in the way of frocks more than three or four months at most. And just think of what they used to do in Elizabeth's people's days, when they handed down whole wardrobefuls from generation to generation!

"It is rather a good pose denouncing things"

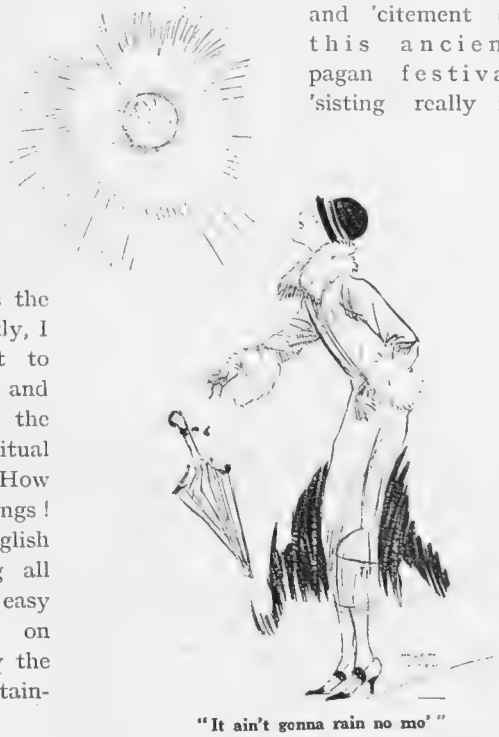
'NOTHER of our great men, by the way, Mr. Arnold Bennett to wit, has been telling us our stage is all wrong. But doesn't seem much to complain of s'long as we keep off the gen'lly slapstick and sentimental and always nasal drama of the U.S., or those sad, sad translations from the French, with all the best (or worst) points left out.

'COURSE it's always rather a good pose denouncing things—or anyway people take more notice of you than when you just optimistically indicate that all's more or less for the best in the best of all possible worlds. Does so intrigue us being denounced, doesn't it? Like by Sir Ian Hamilton, f'r instance, who's been wandering on (and he's so handsome, we let him) 'bout the dreadful women's clubs full of cocktails and scented cigarettes and bridge. . . And the fearful night clubs where girls dance in plus-five skirts, whatever that may mean (should 've thought most of ours were minus-ish, these days), and are always expecting to be raided any moment—which may p'raps be almost something in the way of news to Mr. Luigi of the Embassy and Mr. Rizzi of Ciro's, what?

"In Elizabeth's days they handed down clothes from generation to generation"

WHAT a life *n'est-ce-pas*, and isn't it too marvellous the way we manage to bear up? Partly, I s'pose, p'raps by contriving not to hearken altogether too closely and slavishly to these Sheiks of the Western World, with their spiritual dogwhips, as you might say. How they do keep on telling us things! Here's another Prof. too, an English one this time, kindly informing all and sundry that it's perfectly easy for a family of five to live on £3 2*s*. 4*d*. a week. Tho' why the 2*s*. 4*d*. I don't quite know. Entertainment tax, p'raps?

DOESN'T somehow seem to leave much margin for Christmas presents anyway, the aforesaid total. Which—presents, I mean—are, of course, the Crisis of the Moment for all 'cept those Wise Virgins (I should hate to meet any) who always foreseeingly and prudently purchase their Christmas Offerings somewhere around July or thereabouts. Thus not only paying less, but sitting snugly, securely and triumphantly at home while the rest of us are plunged in a perfect vortex of last-moment shopping in all the seasonable turmoil of seething crowds. As previously noted, I hate 'em, but I don't really envy 'em one bit. Half the 'joyment and 'citement of this ancient pagan festival 'sisting really in



"It ain't gonna rain no mo'"

the frantic and feverish hurry-scurry thereto immemorially attached.

卐

AMUSEMENTS dull, indeed! (says *blasé* Mr. H. G. Wells). Well then, just to show there's no ill-feeling (the man must be mad), I hereby invite him to THE BYSTANDER Ball at the Alb. Hall on the 31st inst. And if at, say, about 5 a.m. in 1925 he can honestly, truly and conscientiously have the face (so to speak) to repeat the remark—well, I'd promise to read his *Outlines of History* from cover to cover . . . and I can't say no fairer nor that.

卐

KEEP on hearing of all sorts of new d'lightful things that have been planned for above-mentioned ball, by the way. It's all going to happen in Venice, for one thing. Great Venetian palace, designed by Mr. Philip Connard, A.R.A., in the background, complete with terraces, balconies and cypresses. Venetian masts, after the fashion of the Piazza di San Marco, will be twined with red ribbons, fruit and flowers, and red and white carnival colours all over the boxes.

卐

ALSO, incidentally, every woman's going to have a big BYSTANDER box of chocs, and every man a BYSTANDER ditto of the best Abdulla fags—which'll all be a very nice New Year memento next morning if not yet entirely consumed in the intervals of dancing to such well-known lyrics as—

"A bas les pessimistes"

It ain't gonna rain no mo', no mo',
It ain't gonna rain no mo'.

Or that equally divine and inspired melody that runs—

I love you, I love you
Is all that I can say.
I love you, I love you—
The same old words I'm saying
In the same old way. . . .

Not to mention "When You and I were Twenty-One," the new Bystander fox-trot, or "Just a Little Twilight Song," the Bystander waltz, which is, I hear, to be the last word in lovely lilting waltzes, both written by clever Nat Ayer for the 'casion.

卐

HAVE just had a rather p'thetic letter, by the way, from a man who says he's only just returned from the East "and find myself rather lonely in the dear old town, and having to do on a pension can't afford to join any exclusive club. I would like a club where I could meet people of my own type — the new poor—a club that was interested in literature, and had occasional dancing, but not a night club." He's heard of the Bullfrogs and the Hambone and the Tomorrow, but thinks they're all either too fast or too slow. Rather difficult case, what?

Well, here's *à bas* with all denouncers and pessimists, anyway.

With love, Yours ever,

BLANCHETTE

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of OLD BOND ST LONDON W
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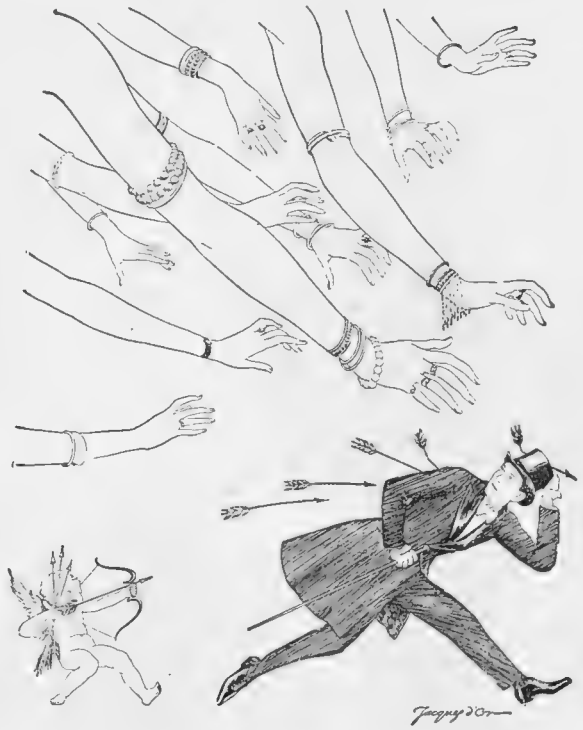

Man Overbored

AN ESSAY IN BLATANCY

BY H. DENNIS BRADLEY.

IT is not often that I indulge in plain statements. I prefer to decorate my language, since a plain statement inspires even less emotion than a plain woman.

But nowadays vulgarity has achieved a certain vogue, and so, as representing a fashionable firm, I may be pardoned an occasional excursion into vulgar discourse.

The plain and the very obvious statement of fact is that the House of Pope and Bradley is easily the first and greatest of the products of men's tailoring in Europe. It is first both in artistry and in commerce. The Income Tax the firm pays represents an unpleasant confirmation of its material success.

The rudiments of style come easily to the artist; which is why, as controller of this firm, I am able to devote 90 per cent. of my time to literature, finding 10 per cent. amply sufficient for the dictation of the subtleties of tailoring.

In no spirit of snobbery I relate the following incident. Circumstance has not led me to meet many tailors, but a few years ago, in a West End Club, I happened to meet a partner of one of the best-known Savile Row firms. On his own initiative he engaged me on certain points of style. The sleeves of his dinner jacket were ridiculously wide, so I asked him if the purpose was for the concealment of rabbits. Mine were sufficiently narrow to take an 8½ in. shirt cuff; a simple and anatomical point of style which accentuates the waist effect. Six months later the Savile Row firm corrected this absurdity.

Surrendering to a vulgar aggressiveness—which will not be worth while repeating—the men's fashions of London and of the world have been set for the last decade by Pope and Bradley. In reality style is the simple study of outline. The Victorian crudities have been knocked out. Savile Row, and the entire West End, merely copy the fashions set by this House. And personally I appreciate the compliment of their adaptations.

* * * * * * * * * *

After the blatancy of this little discourse, it is pleasant to record that there is one really modest feature about the House: the prices charged. Lounge Suits from £9 9s. Dinner Suits from £14 14s. Dress Suits from £16 16s. Overcoats from £7 7s. Riding Breeches from £4 14s. 6d.

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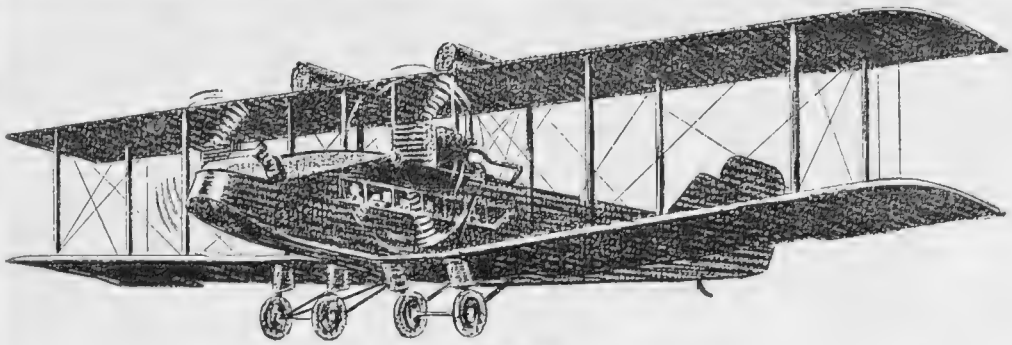

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C.F.H.

RACING NOTIONS

By "CARBINE"

By "The Tout."

SIR EDWARD EDGAR

Who, with Mr. Percy Whitaker, his trainer, have become conspicuous by their recent successes, and are proving a very powerful combination "over the sticks" this season

Over the Sticks

So far the jumping season has been tolerably successful. Anybody who questions whether there is much public interest in this branch of racing would have been disillusionised had he turned up at the recent Sandown Park meeting. There were far more people there than we see at many gatherings on the flat, and the whole thing went with a real sparkle. I was impressed with the performance which Mount Etna put up in the chief race. It is true that he has a big pull in the weights with Forewarned, but I liked the style in which he took his fences. Mount Etna is a powerful horse who jumps big and deliberately—just the right type for Aintree.

Conjuror II

Several notable Grand National horses have yet to make their first appearance this season. For instance, there is Conjuror II. He is no longer in Tom Coulthwaite's hands, having left Hednesford a month or two since for Wroughton, where he is now being trained by the Hon. Aubrey Hastings. The latter certainly has a "way with him" so far as the training of National horses is concerned. With Master Robert he gained his third triumph last season, earlier successes at Aintree having been with Ascetic's Silver and Ally Sloper. I wonder whether he will do better in the great race with Conjuror II than Coulthwaite has done. You will recall that the horse finished third in the National two seasons ago, and on the strength of that performance he was made one of the hottest favourites on record last March. On that occasion, however, he failed to complete even one round of the country, a riderless horse bringing him down at Bechers.

Fly Mask

Now that he has lost Conjuror II, the main hope which Tom Coulthwaite has of winning another Grand National would seem to be centred on Fly Mask. Comparatively few people thought that this horse would get round last season, but he both jumped and stayed the country, and is tolerably sure to be one of the favourites in the coming race at Aintree. We are interestingly awaiting our first glimpse of Red Splash this season. Here is a young 'chaser who has all the makings of a real champion. I shall not readily forget the great race he ran at Cheltenham in the spring, and I shall be disappointed if he fails to make good in due course at Liverpool. I know that Mr. Fred Withington, who trains him, has the highest hopes of Colonel Wyndham's big five-year-old. There is promise of good sport at Hurst Park this week-end. In the chief hurdle race on the opening day I expect **All Away** to improve upon his recent performance at Sandown. In the Laleham Steeplechase on Saturday **Silver Somme** should give a good account of himself.

By Appointmen .

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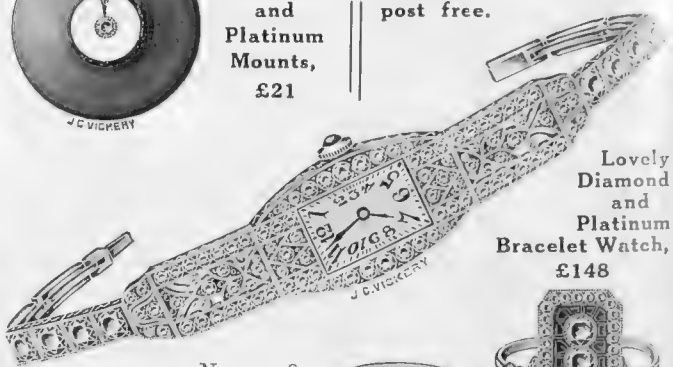

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HUNTING NOTES

By ARTHUR W. COATEN

A Note From Sir Claude

My notes on the late Duke of Beaufort and his views on the relative progress of hounds and foxes have brought me an interesting letter from that redoubtable sportsman, Sir Claude Champion de Crespigny. He writes: "Your remarks remind me that I have, pasted in a scrap-book, an extract from a letter of the eighth Duke of Beaufort, evidently written many years ago in reply to a question concerning the speed of hounds. He said that 'Years ago if a fox jumped up in turnips in front of hounds it was 2 to 1 on the fox. Now it is 6 to 4 on the hounds.' Thus the son confirmed the father's opinion. The eighth and ninth Dukes of Beaufort are indeed landmarks removed. It is improbable that we shall ever see their likes again."

Badminton Sport

Sport is now in swing again in the Badminton country, and several really good days fell to the pack last week. One occasion was when they met at Christian Malford, and the dog-hounds, in charge of Tom Newman, ran two points of five and six miles respectively. They were unable to secure well-deserved reward in either run, as scent gradually petered out in disappointing fashion. The young Duke was hunting the pack on the following day from Leighterton, and again their followers had enjoyable sport. Hounds ran well throughout the day, touching some of the best of their stone-wall country. The afternoon was by no means free from trouble, as Lady Suffolk had the misfortune to break a couple of ribs, and Major Poynter also took a severe fall. Unhappily, on the same day a fatal accident occurred to Mr. A. H. Straker, of Knossington Grange, Oakham. He was killed as the result of a fall with the Cottesmore, and the event naturally threw a gloom over the Shires for the rest of the week.

Joint Masterships

I see it is stated that there will be a change in the arrangements of Bicester Hounds at the end of the season. Lord Chesham is resigning the sole Mastership, and there is talk of establishing a system of joint control in this country. Time was when many Hunt Committees looked askance at Joint Masterships. But things are viewed differently now. The average M.F.H. is put to far heavier expense than was the case before the War, and many of the Masters of to-day would be unable to carry on unless they enjoyed the partnership of others. Thus we have considerably more joint Masterships than were known a quarter of a century ago, and so far as one can gather, the arrangement is working smoothly enough in most directions.

Keen Foxhunters

Lord Chesham, whose father hunted the country from 1885 to 1893, is now in his third season in the Mastership of the Bicester. The experience he had previously in the Old Berkeley country made him well qualified for the position. Lady Chesham is an enthusiastic foxhunter who knows as much about the game as most of the men. She has, indeed, at one time served successfully as an acting M.F.H., hunting the Old Berkeley pack in that capacity when her husband was absent in France. She is also a polo player, and has taken part in women's matches at Hurlingham.

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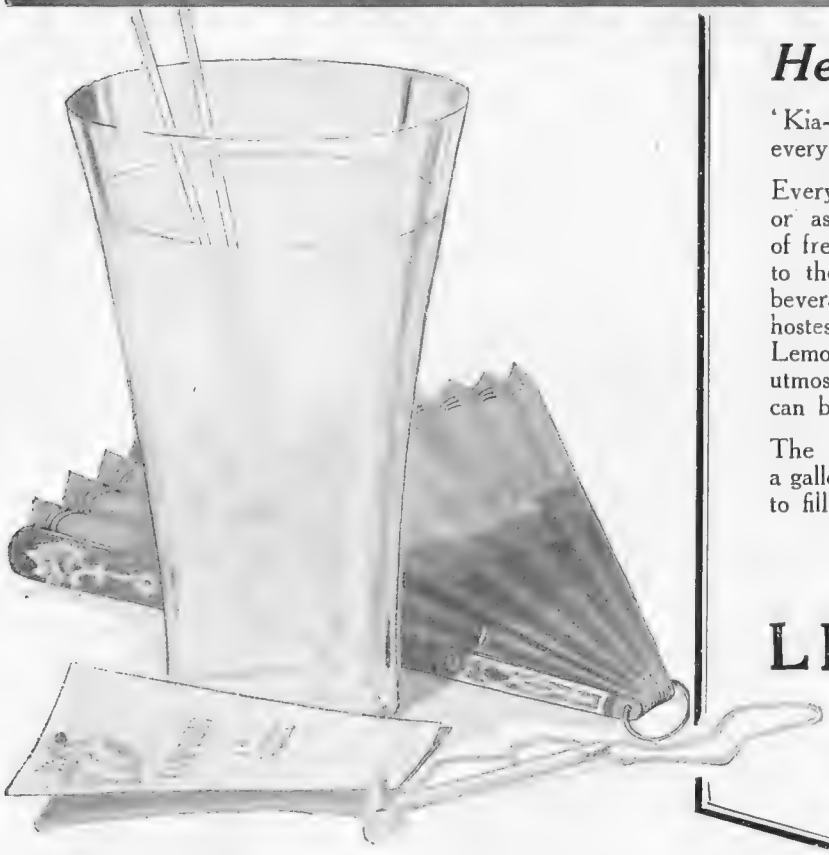

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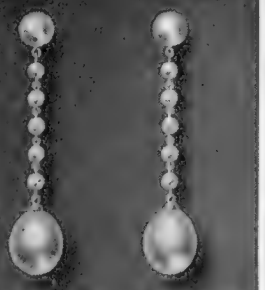

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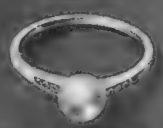

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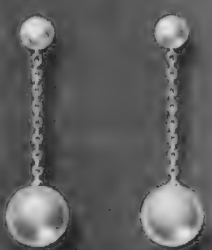

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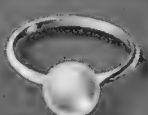

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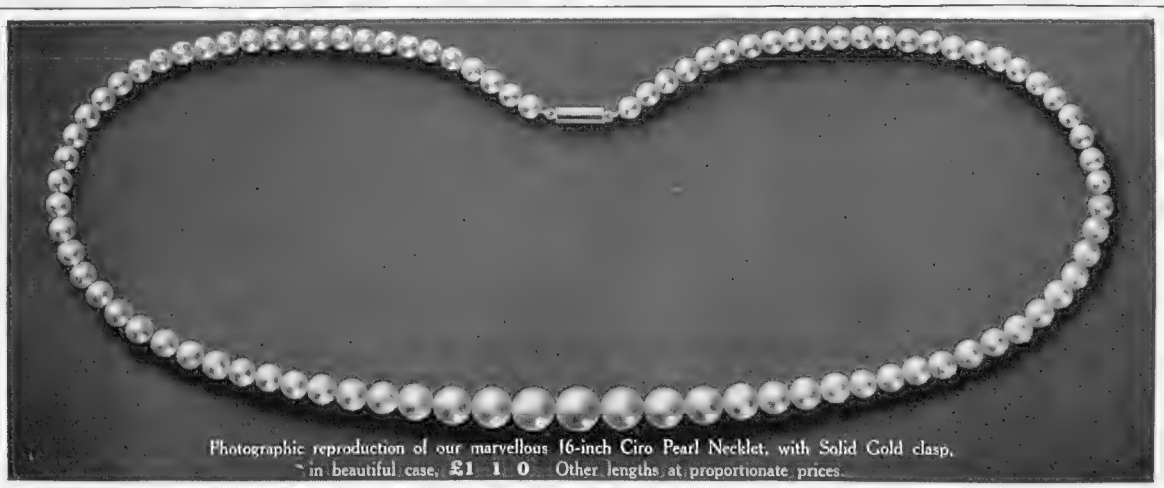

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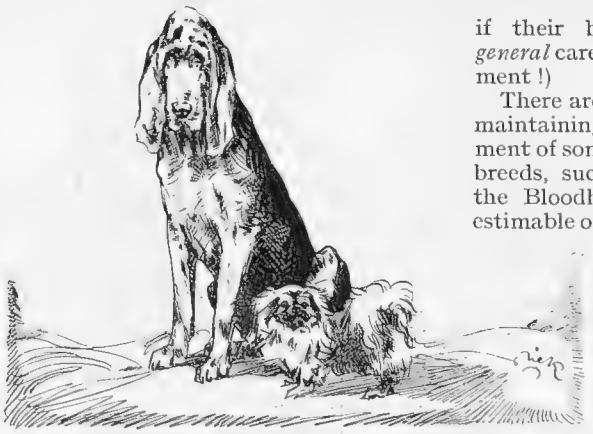

A GREAT DOG YEAR

MR. PUNCH'S TRIBUTE. By "The Kennelman"

THE popularity of the pedigree Dog has never been greater than it is to-day. "Boom" is not the right word, because it suggests fluctuation and variability; and the development of Dogdom since the rationing days has been steady: a progress devoid of reactions. The come-by-chance mongrel tends to disappear; the cleanly, truly-bred Dog to increase and multiply greatly. And that's all to the good, both for the human and the canine community. The decently bred Dog is pretty certain to be decently cared for, while the unwanted mongrel drifts ever toward pariahdom: a discredit to his own species and to humans. (What magnificent cats we should see if their breeding received half the *general* care now given to doggy development!)

There are difficulties, of course, about maintaining the progressive development of some of the noblest of the classic breeds, such as that king of them all! the Bloodhound; most sagacious and estimable of non-human animals. But its difficulties are far from outweighing its importance, which touches British pride and prestige no less than Dogdom's well-being. No Bloodhound authority has won greater respect for consistent sportsmanship and service to the breed than Mrs. Edmunds, of Ledburn Manor; and no greater gentleman and sportsman has been seen among modern Hounds than Champion Ledburn Barrier. Hence it was with a real sense of sympathy and of loss that lovers of great Dogs learned of the sudden death at the height of his fame of Ledburn Barrier. May his notable kinsfolk, Boswell, Buxom, and Barbarus, remain long in the land!

It's fair to assume that the unfailing mellowness of Mr. Punch's heart and mind, in good times and bad, owes something to his traditional association with his Dog, Toby. The other day his "Learned Clerks" voiced poetically Mr. Punch's warm tribute to this season's Dog-book, *Peter of Monkslease*:

. . . . . Dog-books not a few
I've read, and his just beats them hollow;
His dogs are dears, and all they do,
As he relates it, I can swallow.

And the very next week came a jolly "O.S." poem on "The Passing of the Peke," quizzing the suggestion in so exalted a quarter as the *Times* that a lady's advertisement offering to exchange her Pekingese for a diamond ring foreshadowed the fading out from our midst of this best-beloved of the little breeds! Not on your life! Facts and figures are stubborn things, and the statistics clearly show that that very "real Dog" and keen-witted sportsman among the little chaps, the Pekingese, is widening his popularity every season; albeit the whole silly fashion of treating him—or any of his peers—as a "lap-dog" has, thank goodness, become *démodé*. May the K.C. soon purge official nomenclature of the misleading classification: "Toy Dog." It's not wanted, these days.

South Africa (among other lands) wants good and serviceable watch and guard Dogs; and British breeders and trainers should look to it. The mongrel Kaffir lurcher is more of a crook than a policeman, and earns many worthy (but untrained) Dogs a bad name on the veld. BYSTANDER readers down under write that good, well-trained English Airedales and Sheepdogs would win great kudos on S.A. farms—as everywhere; but there's not half enough systematic effort being given (*a*) to their training; (*b*) to making known their virtues outside these islands.

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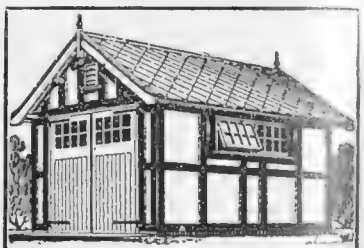

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RUGGER RAGGINGS

THE 'VARSITY MATCH.

By "PENDARVES"

A SPICE of the sensational is invariably worked up beforehand about the 'Varsity Match. Either one side or the other is always going to do something marvellous.

One side has a tremendous reputation—the other are said to be a disappointing lot. Against this, of course, you have the wiseacres who say that you never can tell in a 'Varsity Match what on earth will happen. So that for this reason there are usually some sort of odds to be obtained from some know-all; whereas, naturally, the young undergraduate up for the couple of days, a flaming partisan, is always fair game for the punter who is out for the odd (very odd) 10 to 1 bet.

All this was particularly the case this year. It was a most unusual combination of circumstances. On the one hand you had Oxford with an awe-inspiring line of international three-quarters—they had more than they could play in that position—but a doubtful quantity of forwards, definitely poor the latter had been dubbed by many people, a new full back who might or might not be good enough, and nothing particularly fearsome about either of the halves.

On the other hand, Cambridge were supposed to have the best club pack in the country, a very dangerous and dashing eight, four wobbly three-quarters, except the Welsh international Rowe Harding, who would probably be starved, Young and Francis at half, a mighty pair, and a new and supposedly quite ordinary full back in P. S. Doughty.

It was said that Cambridge would shove Oxford all over the parish of Twickenham. That the Oxford three-quarter line would score about 50 tries, there would be no stopping them if they ever got the ball. Undoubtedly the whole thing was a conundrum, and I cannot help thinking that it was partly for that reason that the Twickenham ground last Tuesday was packed almost to its limits. The biggest crowd that has ever attended this annual game.

And *what* a day for a Rugger match! Bright sun; the ground on the fast side; no wind; weather mild; visibility perfect, because some genius ordered the match to begin at the unprecedented hour of 2.15. Only six new Blues in the Oxford fifteen, and five in the Cambridge as they swarm out of the dressing rooms to the roar of welcome from goodness knows how many thousand throats. For twenty-two minutes' play nothing of great import happened on the field, but much was happening all round it. Everyone who knew anything about it was considerably astonished at several things. The Cambridge forwards were being held. More than that, Oxford were quite as frequently getting the ball out. The famous Oxford 3's were being grassed good and proper every time they moved—in fact, it was anybody's game; anything might happen.

There was not a pin to choose between these two sides in the first half. It was an evenly balanced fight, and a swift and deadly keen one, practically from beginning to hard-fought end. Consequently that peculiarly "top-drawer" crowd that one sees in their tens of thousands at Twickenham on this day and on no other were regaled with some football of a nature calculated to cause a premature stroke to old gentlemen who have been warned against getting excited.

And then Sir Thomas Devitt, the Cambridge left wing, falls over in the corner for a try. 3—0. The Cambridge crowd says "A-ah, what did we tell you?" Exactly three minutes after this Macpherson answers back by taking a pass at full speed and sending Jacob over in the opposite corner for Oxford. 3—3. The Oxford crowd says "O-oh, what *did* you tell us?" Just before half time, Wallace of Oxford, with whom no player can afford to take liberties, is badly missed in a tackle by Rowe Harding and romps over. 6—3.

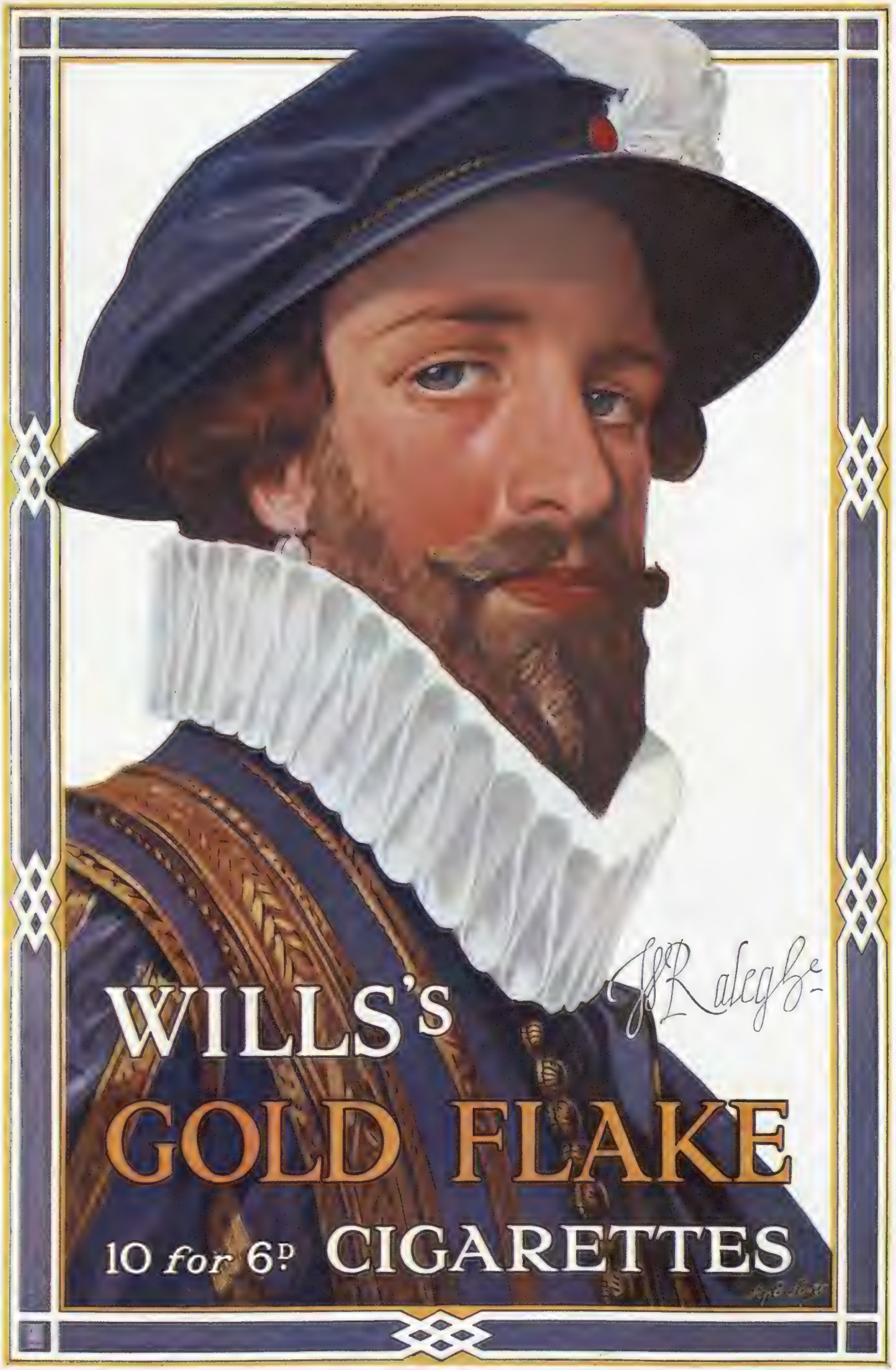
The game continues at tremendous pressure until Howell of Cambridge has his shorts entirely ruined, and there is a blessed breather while he shuffles off the field to refit. Not a very successful quick change, as when he reappears he would seem to have been prised into the second pair with a shoe horn—however, there he was, and on we go again.

Only once during the second half did it seem to me that the international machinery of Oxford moved quite freely, and then in went Jacob again. This time the place kick hits the upright and flops over, thereby putting the issue beyond doubt. 11—3. Or very nearly so. Then Cambridge gets over once more in the last actual minute of play, and the final score of a most exhilarating and thoroughly typical 'Varsity match is Oxford 11—Cambridge 6.

There could be few finer sights for the clamorous Rugger people at Twickenham last week than that splendidly fought-out game — nor more pleasant recollections hereafter for the thirty men who played it so cleanly and so valiantly.

WITH THE ALL BLUES AT TWICKENHAM [*Central News.*

Devitt, the speedy Cambridge wing three, getting rid of the ball after being checked in his stride by the gentleman who, at the moment of pressing the camera bulb, is doing physical jerks on the ground. Devitt scored both tries for Cambridge, but as two were all he could manage, Cambridge lost by 11 points to 6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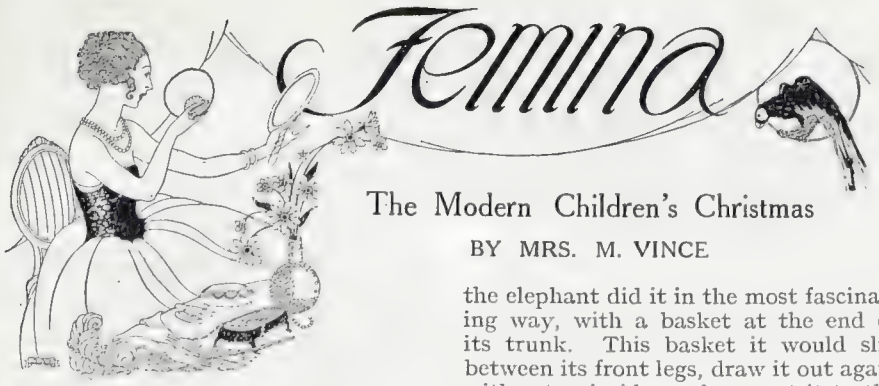


The Modern Children's Christmas

BY MRS. M. VINCE

THE children's Christmas becomes each year more theatrical, but, at the same time, and for that very reason, I think it must be less dramatic.

As I remember it, Christmas really began, magically and abruptly, in the dusk of Christmas morning. The stocking and the end of the bed had been empty when I fell asleep. It seemed only a moment before. Now they both were filled with strange, delightful things. It was as sudden and as thrilling as the rising of the curtain at the pantomime. In that moment Christmas began.

THERE had, of course, been many things happening before—visits to shops, the sending of cards, the hanging of the holly, the stirring of the puddings, the half-secret arrival of the Christmas tree, a general feeling of excitement and mystery; but it was the excitement of anticipation. All this had been no more than the tuning up of the orchestra, the buying of programmes and chocolates, the watching of other people arrive. It was all in preparation for that one day which would so magically begin when one's eyes opened in the dusk of Christmas morning. But now the weeks before are made for children a continual pantomime—a pantomime in which they go right on the stage.

THE big shops do not think it enough to attract the grown-ups. Each year they stage something for the children, and each year it becomes something more elaborate. I have been to see them all.

In one shop I found myself in a village of little shops—old English shops with diamond-paned windows. Each shop kept only one class of goods. One had boats; another farmyard animals; another dolls; another toy-soldiers. All were lighted with coloured lights. There was a great dark sky above. There were trees with real branches, and monkeys and red lights among the leaves. There were still stranger trees, from whose branches hung stockings filled with toys. In the middle was a village-green with two merry-go-rounds. Here rocking-horses were grazing, and scooters and milk-carts were parked—in short, a typical English village.

IN another shop I found myself on Robinson Crusoe's Island. Additions had been made to its conveniences since Defoe's time—notably a monkey and an elephant who distributed presents. The monkey I did not see at work, but the elephant did it in the most fascinating way, with a basket at the end of its trunk. This basket it would slip between its front legs, draw it out again with a toy inside, and present it to the waiting child.

A bus took me from Robinson Crusoe's Island to a Silver Cave guarded by a Snow-Man and Flashing Lights, where a Fairy sat. She also had presents to give.

AND then I found myself in the middle of the Arabian Nights—a scene of deserts and palm trees, and veiled ladies on a balcony. At the end of a dark passage we came to the Old Man of the Sea, and Sinbad watching a stormy sea and the passing ships. We came to the Forty Thieves in their pots. We came to the magic carpet. We came to a number of things which are not in the Arabian Nights—but might have been. There was a magic spider's web, in the middle of which a fairy's face appeared, and spoke to us, and faded away. We came to a wood of gnomes. We came to the bottom of the sea, where real fish were swimming about in real water, and a living mermaid sat in a cave. There was a magic waterfall—the water pouring down lighted steps of red and green. (It was here that I heard a small boy say, "What a good colour-scheme.") Last of all we came to that point, not fixed, I believe, on any map, where East and West meet, and Father Christmas and a Chinaman sat distributing presents.

BUT all these things paled beside my visit to Treasure Island. I have crossed the North Sea and the Baltic more times than I can count. I have been to America. But never have I had such an experience as this—the captain in his green coat and ruffles, and top-boots; the buccaneers with scarlet breeches and orange scarves round their heads; the wooden ship, as big as a small room. And there were we in its hold, lit by a dim lantern. There came a cry to heave the anchor. The next moment the ship was rocking violently. We could hear the awesome swishing of the waves. We could hear, too, what Mr. Kipling calls "the gull-like cries from on deck." "Now we are passing Hammersmith Bridge"; "Dirty weather to-day" (indeed it was!), and at last, "Land ahoy."

We landed—on real sand. Clouds were scudding by overhead. Far away we could see a little ship lighted up—our own ship we were given to understand. I met Long John Silver himself. He gave me a small tea-service. It was a wonderful experience, even for a grown-up.

AND yet I came away a little sad. Surely after all this, children must find Christmas Day itself, its toys and even its tree, an anti-climax. Is not the day, that was so magical and beautiful, being lost among all these glittering preparations, as the fairy-tale has been lost in the pantomime? M. V.

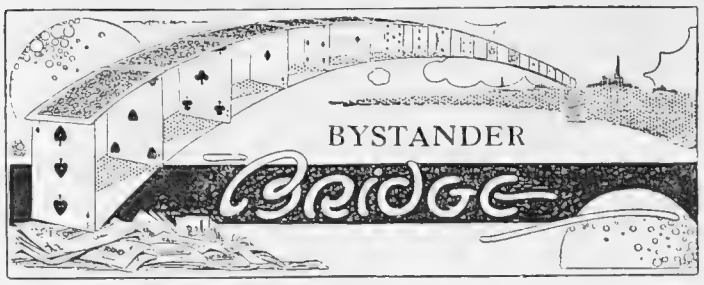
Christmas Cards and Calendars

Calendars—those much despised things—may be quite practical, though you mightn't think so. I noticed a very useful aid to the professional or business man and woman made by Messrs. Hills and Co., of 2, Bayer Street, E.C.1, who have been actual makers of cards and calendars for over forty years. It is called the "Days Reminder," and contains a page for each day of the year, spaced out for hourly appointments. The price of this practical little bureau adjunct varies from 4s. to 10s. 6d.

"Sasha"

THE RING IN OPERA—NON-WAGNERIAN

The fight scene in Dr. Vaughan Williams' opera, "Hugh the Drover," which was first produced by The British National Opera Company at Covent Garden last June. It will be one of the features of the B.N.O.C. winter season this month. Our photograph shows Hugh (Mr. Tudor Davies) and John (Mr. Frederic Collier) fighting for the hand of Mary, the heroine—when they would probably be more profitably employed in saving their breath for musical phrases to follow



BY A. E. MANNING FOSTER

BRIDGE DRIVES

THIS is the season of Auction Bridge tournaments. At Christmas time, hostesses arranging their entertainments say, "Oh yes, we must have a Bridge tournament."

It is an easy form of hospitality. And it generally proves a popular one. Guests up to any number that accommodation permits can be invited in multiples of four. Half a dozen tables (twenty-four players) make a good number. Tea and prizes must be provided, or if in the evening, light refreshments.

. . . . . .

Rules must be arranged. It is generally here that the tournaments break down. Hostesses have often a very vague idea of how a Bridge tournament should be conducted, and the whole thing is frequently muddled.

Even the smallest tournament requires management. The players require to be told what they are to do, how they are to score, and where they are to sit. The manager should not take part in the play, but should be ready to organise and answer any queries that arise, for, however simple the rules, there are always some players who "don't quite understand." Nor is this surprising when you consider that many who never on other occasions play Bridge in public, are ready to take part in a tournament.

. . . . . .

Judged from the point of view of serious Bridge, tournaments are generally a farce. But they can be great fun, and even players who, on other occasions, are all out for the rigour of the game can extract amusement from them.

There are various methods of conducting them. A favourite one with some hostesses is to invite an equal number of men and women, who choose their partners by means of coloured favours or flowers. These are put into two different bowls, one for the men and one for the women. Each guest on arrival draws a favour or flower, at random, and the two who draw similar ones are partners for the tournaments. Each table is decorated with flowers or favours so that the players know at which table to start. This eliminates any muddle about where they are to sit.

. . . . . .

A simpler method is for each player to draw a number in order to determine partnership and table. Of course, in this case corresponding numbers are in the men's and women's bowls. In charity tournaments on a large scale, and also in club tournaments, where there is an entrance fee, it is usual for players to choose and bring their own partners.

The ordinary tournament should not last more than two hours. The usual arrangement is after each rubber for the winners of the rubber to move to the next table, the losers remaining where they are. In this way every rubber is played with fresh opponents.

. . . . . .

Scoring cards with pencils should be provided. Special tournament Bridge cards can be obtained at any stationer's. Every player's card should be checked and initialled by his or her opponent at the end of each rubber. Prizes are generally given for the highest aggregate score and for the couple whose score most nearly approaches a hidden number. Booby prizes are also bestowed on the two who have made the lowest score.

The prizes may be elaborate or simple, according to the ideas of the hostess, but the booby prize should be of a comic character.

. . . . . .

Where prizes are offered for the highest aggregate score, it is astonishing to see the keenness and artfulness that are often displayed. The "old hands" at the tournament game will double and redouble everything. In this way someone at the table gets a tremendous score, while those at other tables who are playing a sober and quiet game have no chance.

Players in these tournament games sometimes score 20 for each side for two Aces, and play three games to a rubber, whether the first two are won by the same partners or not.

To prevent people running up a big score by these and other irregular means, many tournament organisers have abandoned the prizes for the highest scores, and only give them for hidden numbers or for numbers drawn by chance on slips of paper from a bowl or hat.

A trial was made of forbidding doubling and redoubling, but it was found that this did not work. Without the restraining influence of a possible double people made ridiculous bids. Besides, doubling and re-doubling is part of the fun of the game.

Result of Bystander Four Weeks' Competition. No. VI.

Problem No. I

(*a*) One No-Trumps.
(*b*) Two No-Trumps.
(*c*) Double.

Problems II and III.

Particulars will be given next week.

Problem IV.

Z's best chance of game is to play Spades. He should lead a small Spade from Dummy and put up his Jack, hoping that it will be taken with the Queen.

If this comes off and the Spades lay originally three each in the opponents' hands, Z, by leading the King when he gets in and overtaking, will make four tricks in the suit. This method of play offers a better chance of success than going for the Diamonds.

. . . . . .

No Competitor agreed with all my decisions, but prizes have been awarded to the following, whose solutions were nearest:—

£10. LIEUT.-COLONEL A. J. STRANGE, 11, Lascelles Terrace, Eastbourne.

£5. W. R. DUNSTAN, Lewes and County Club, Lewes, Sussex.

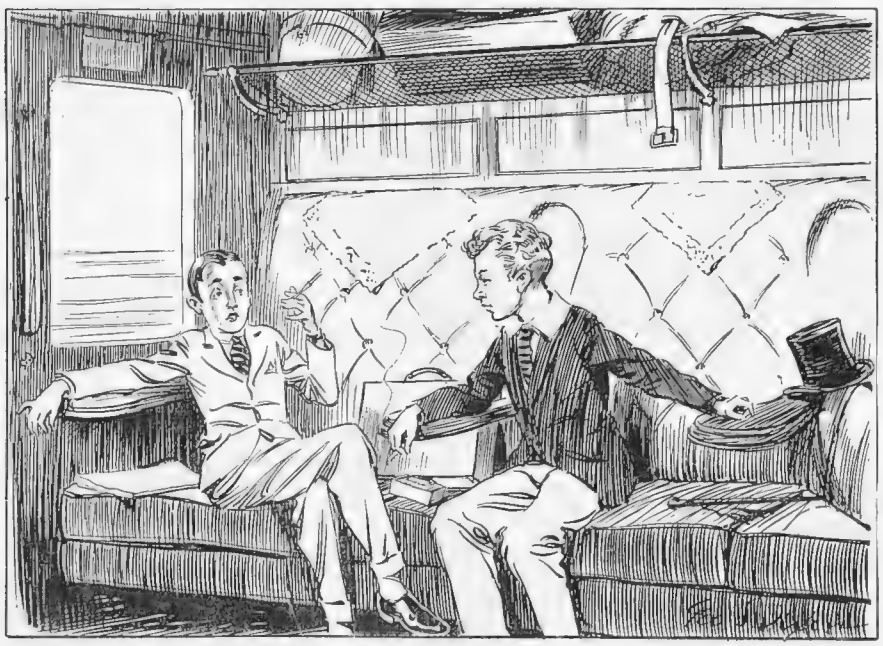
£3. MRS. MELDON, Ballyshanty, Budleigh Salterton, Devonshire.

The three BYSTANDER Bridge sets go to:—

SIR WILLIAM WILKINSON, Deepdene, Bathampton, Bath.

COLONEL W. N. HAY, 18, Lansdown Road, Bedford.

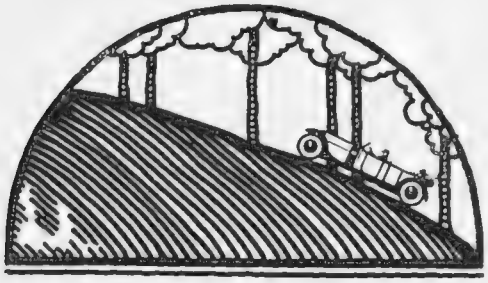
W. M. DUNDONALD, Co. Down.



By G. S. DIXON

"WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH OUR BOYS?"

"I really don't know what I'm going to do about a dancing partner these hols. Spent all last season breaking one in to all my new steps, and hanged if she hasn't gone and taught them all to her husband"



ON HILLS

When climbing a hill on which you think a change of gear unnecessary, but which towards the top begins to try the engine, it is beneficial to ease down slightly on the throttle, as when fully open at slow speed it is apt to choke the engine. "BP" is invaluable on hills. Its inherent richness enables the engine to develop its maximum power—under load and at low speeds. Try it and see the improvement.

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With this Gift

He (or She) will think of you a dozen times a day

WHY gifts at this season to those we love? To show that we remember them—yes. But also because we want *them* to remember *us*.

That is why we try to select gifts that will fill a real need, gifts that will be constant reminders of the thought which inspired them.

This Christmas, *for the first time*, you can include in your list a luxurious new convenience to be enjoyed a dozen times a day—a slim leather case for carrying keys—the Buxton Keytainer.

Whoever receives it will be grateful to you every time he (or she) unlocks a door or a drawer—grateful for the beauty, the convenience, the security of this exquisite new case—grateful to be rid of the old bulging, tearing tangle of keys on a ring that was forever being lost—grateful to have the key that's wanted always at the fingertips!

You can get Buxton Keytainers in dozens of different styles and leathers, from high-grade basil at 1/3 to gold-mounted pin seal at 35/-. 2, 4, 6 or 8 hooks—and each hook holds two keys.

Stationers, fancy leather goods dealers, jewellers, and all large stores carry Buxton Keytainers. Ask your dealer to show you these handsome new cases to-day! John Walker and Co. Ltd., Farringdon House Warwick Lane, London, E.C. 4.

With every Keytainer comes the Buxton Key Insurance; a remarkable 12 months' service FREE. *It not only insures the owner against loss, by offering (through the British Key and Property Registry, Ltd., 64, Finsbury Pavement, London, E.C., and 19, Newton Place, Charing Cross, Glasgow) a 5/- reward to the finder of a lost Keytainer, and guaranteeing to the owner the value of his keys up to 5 guineas—but it also makes it unnecessary for him to tag his keys with his name and address, for the information of unscrupulous persons.*

BUXTON
KEY·TAINER

MOTOR NOTES

BY GEORGE C. STEAD

IN THE ANTIPODES

A Rolls-Royce touring car in one of the main streets of Sydney, New South Wales. The Obelisk just behind it was erected by Governor Macquarie in 1818, and from it are measured all mileages to the outlying portions of New South Wales

THE latest lubricant for a motor-car engine is beef dripping! It is not recommended that this should be normally used, but I have heard of an occasion on which it was successfully employed. The incident occurred during the recent trip of a 14 h.p. Bean across the Continent of Australia. Somewhere, miles from anywhere and miles from civilisation, the three explorers found that they had no more oil. They first made an attempt to lubricate the engine with the grease in the grease gun, heating it first, but before they could get the engine running the grease solidified, so it looked as if the expedition was going to come to an end. However, they sent out a foraging party and discovered a lonely settler who possessed many tins of beef dripping. This they heated first, hastily poured it into the engine, and successfully drove many miles until they could pick up their next supply of oil. This sounds a very tall story, but I have had a personal interview with the driver of the car, and have no reason whatever to doubt it.

* * *

THIS journey was crammed with interest, as for a large proportion of the way there was no sign of a track or path, and the car had to pick its way through the virgin bush. Only one serious casualty occurred, and this was the breakage of the steering tie rod by a projecting rock. This did not worry the party for long, as they quickly rigged a jury tie rod out of two pieces of bedstead, a box spanner, a film spool and a piece of shark line. This somewhat weird apparatus took them successfully to their journey's end. The total length of the journey was over 6,000 miles, and the car was loaded up with impedimenta to the equivalent of ten twelve-stone passengers. I am told that the car was absolutely standard, with the exception that the road springs were considerably stiffened up in order to cope with the extra weight. The car is now in England in the condition in which it finished, and will be exhibited at the Bean showrooms.

* * *

I HEAR that in several parts of the country the authorities are interesting themselves in the illumination of numbers after dark. I think it will be generally agreed that while the red lights show up satisfactorily, the illumination of the identification letters and numbers usually leaves much to be desired. The exact Order states that a lamp shall be kept burning which will render easily distinguishable every letter or figure on the identification plate fixed on the back of the vehicle. It does not appear to be generally known that the rear light showing a red light should be mounted on the off-side of the vehicle. In order to prevent any trouble with those whose duty it is to enforce the law, it would be as well to overhaul the arrangement for rear-lighting so that an adequate light is shed on the numbers,

(Continued on page 930)

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BY APPOINTMENT TO H.M. THE QUEEN.

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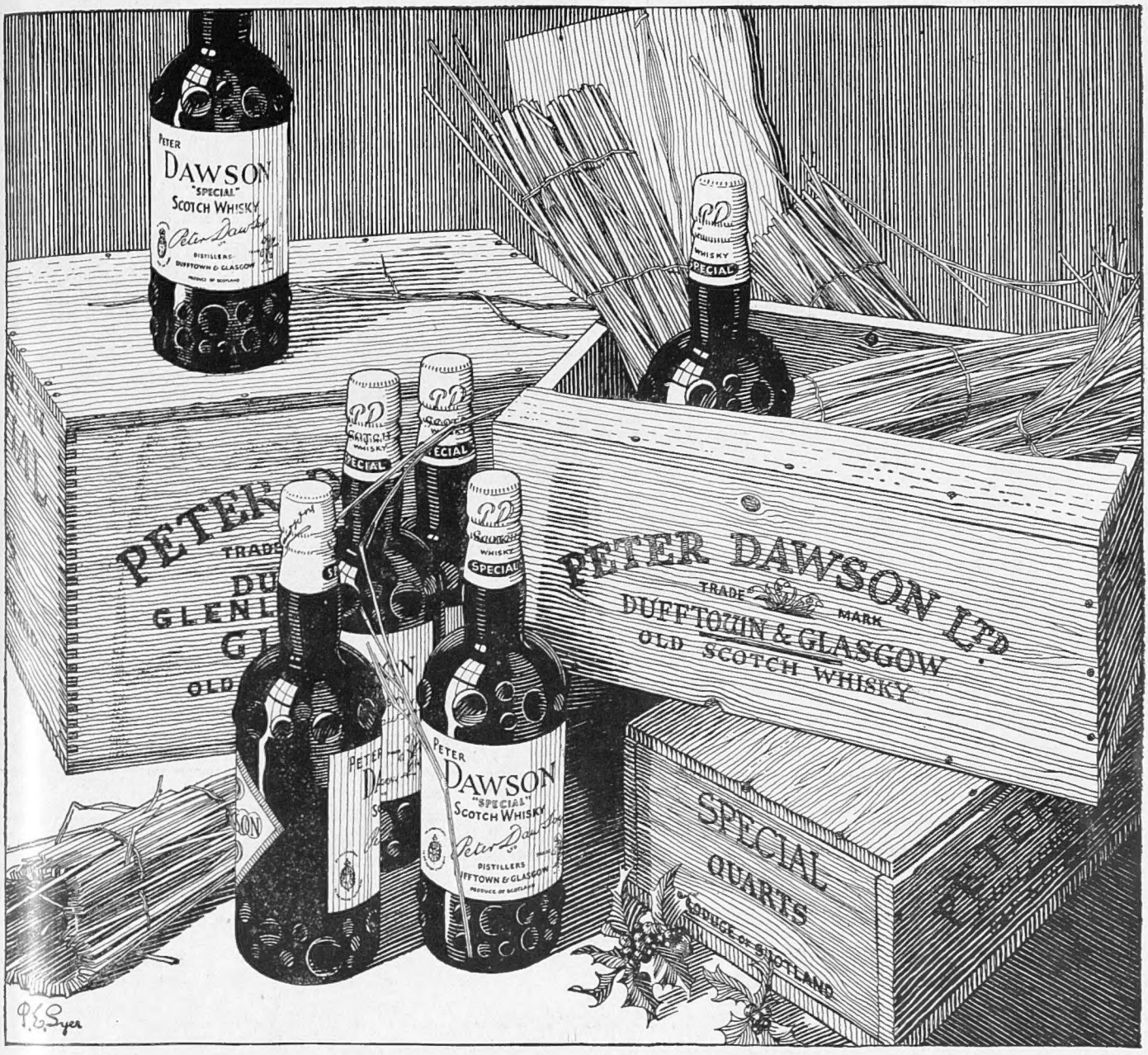

CHRISTMAS GIFT CASES

A whisky to make the rafters ring! That's the whisky you want this Christmas. For yourself: for your friends. A whisky whose excellence inspires the eloquence of its own praise.

FOR those who wish to give "P.D" this Christmas, but whose wealth of friends exceeds their material wealth, here is good news! "P.D" is obtainable in 3-bottle and 6-bottle cases as well as in the usual 12-bottle cases. These smaller cases are packed as carefully as the large cases, without extra charge, and will be available throughout the Christmas and New Year Season. Simply give your dealer delivery instructions and amount to cover cost. He will enclose your card or note and despatch direct in good time for Christmas.

Peter Dawson	*Peter Dawson*	*Peter Dawson*
3-BOTTLE CASE	6-BOTTLE CASE	12-BOTTLE CASE
37/6	75/-	150/-

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Should you have any difficulty in obtaining "P.D" in the Christmas gift cases, send us your cheque and instructions and we will forward both to nearest agent. *PETER DAWSON LTD., Distillers, 82 Great Clyde St., Glasgow, C.1; OR to 29-30 Tower Hill, London, E.C.3*

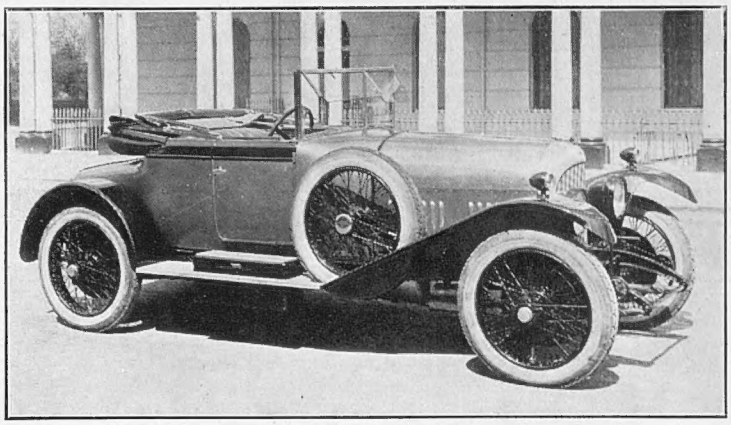
and that the red light shall be shown to the rear in the legal position.

* * *

Ever since its introduction, the registration book has been a source of irritation to motorists. We are told it must be kept in a safe place and must be produced at a reasonable time at the owner's permanent address on demand by one having genuine authority. A motorist driving from Yorkshire to London has discovered a new reading of this new regulation. He was stopped by the police for an inspection of his driving licence, and they also demanded his registration book. This, of course, he had not got, and he was subsequently convicted. After a careful study of the regulations, I fail to see why the registration book should be carried on the car. It is evidence of ownership, and the wording on the book suggests that it should be kept separate from the car so that any light-fingered purloiner of the car should not at the same time receive the evidence of ownership. That staunch defender of the motorist's rights—the Automobile Association—is taking the matter up with the Home Secretary with a view to securing the cancellation of the conviction.

* * *

I recently drew attention to the excellent performance of the 9/20 h.p. Rover fitted with a four-seated Weymann saloon body. I cannot claim that my unworthy words produced a sudden boom in Rovers, but—be that as it may—the makers have now announced reductions in the prices of their two smaller models. The 8 h.p. Rover, with its air-cooled two-cylinder engine, can now be obtained for £139, either for two or four persons. The 9-20 h.p., also as a two or four-seater, is now priced at £175. A long wheel-base model is also made of this car, giving greater accommodation, and the price of the three-door four-seater mounted on this chassis is £200. The three-door four-seater Weymann saloon, with which I was so particularly pleased, is priced at £275. I anticipate that this entirely unexpected reduction will add considerably to the vast popularity of these smaller Rovers.



ON ACTIVE ROAD SERVICE

A three-litre sports model Bentley coupé with a body by Messrs. Gurney Nutting & Co. This car was recently sold by Messrs. Jack Withers & Co., 44, Osnaburgh Street, N.W.1

* * *

There are two classes of motorists—those who motor as much as they like, and those who hope that the year's running costs will be within their means. When one owns a car, the tendency is always to use it as much as possible, but if the pounds and pence must be counted it is advisable to keep a certain check on the use to which the car is put. A book has recently been published which will make this exceptionally easy. It is known as *The Motor Car Register*, and is produced by George Waterston and Sons, Ltd., of London and Edinburgh. The list of contents is very inclusive, but those of particular interest are: the daily register, the annual items, the yearly summary, the tyre register, details of repairs, capital account, insurance details, etc. In addition, information is given concerning the various Acts controlling motor vehicles, as well as much other information of value to the careful car owner. The book can be supplied in five styles of binding, and ranges in price from 5*s.* 6*d.* to 16*s.* This book gives a complete yearly record of the work and expenses in connection with the car in its simplest form.

George C. Stead

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¶ A recent expert opinion concerning the 20 h.p. Rolls-Royce: "The latest experience has served to explain to me, as it would to anybody, how it comes about that **the firm has had to increase its production of this type, for a sweeter running car one is unable to imagine. . .**"

Mr. H. Massac Buist in the "Morning Post"

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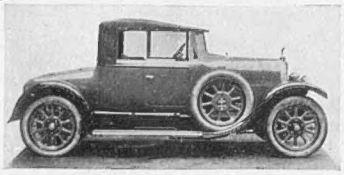

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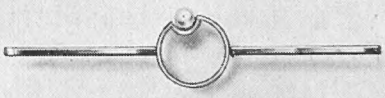

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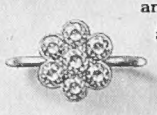

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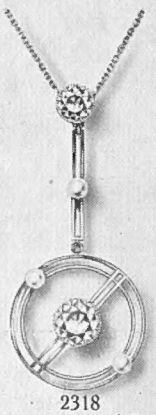

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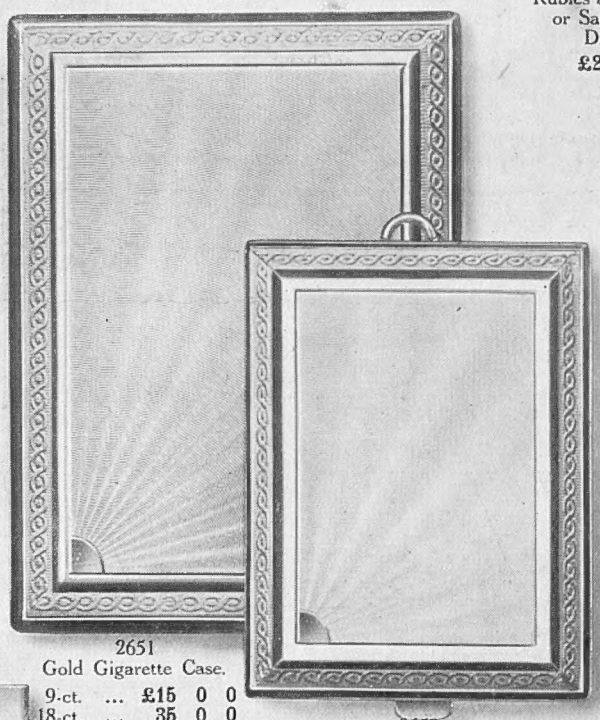

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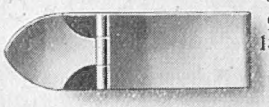

2431
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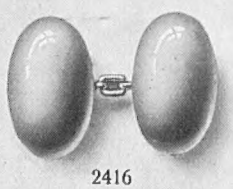

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